

THE LIVING AGE.

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AN APRIL SONG.*

Orchard land! Orchard land!
 Damson blossom, primrose bloom:
 Avon, like a silver band
 Winds from Stratford down to
 Broome:
 All the orchards shimmer white
 For an April day's delight:
 We have risen in our might,
 Left this land we love to fight,
 Fighting still, that these may stand,
 Orchard land! Orchard land!

Running stream! Running stream!
 Ruddy tench and silver perch:
 Shakespeare loved the water's gleam
 Sparkling on by Welford church:
 Water fay meets woodland gnome
 Where the silver eddies foam
 Thro' the richly scented loam:
 We are fain to see our home,
 See again thy silver gleam,
 Running stream! Running stream!

Silver throats! Silver throats!
 Piping blackbird, trilling thrush:
 Shakespeare heard your merry notes;
 Still you herald morning's blush:
 You shall sing your anthems grand
 When we've finished what He
 planned,
 God will hear and understand,
 God will give us back our land
 Where the water-lily floats;
 Silver throats! Silver throats!

George C. Michael.

[The Poetry Review.

QUEENSLANDERS.

Lean brown lords of the Brisbane
 beaches,
 Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa
 bends,
 Princes that ride where the Roper
 reaches,
 Captains that camp where the gray
 Gulf ends—
 Never such goodly men together
 Marched since the kingdoms first
 made war;
 Nothing so proud as the Emu Feather
 Waved in an English wind before!

*Written on leave at Stratford-on-Avon.

Ardor and faith of those keen brown
 faces!
 Challenge and strength of those big
 brown hands!
 Eyes that have flashed upon wide-
 flung spaces!
 Chins that have conquered in fierce
 far lands!—
 Flood could not daunt them, Drought
 could not break them;
 Deep in their hearts is their sun's
 own fire;
 Blood of thine own blood, England,
 take them!
 These are the swords of thy soul's
 desire!

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

LIFE IN THE AIR.

Life in the air—the swallows fly
 Revisitants within a sky
 As blue as fairest Italy:
 The whole deserted garden wakes
 And, freed at last, the blossom breaks
 To sudden burst of revelry.

Death in the air—the heavy drone
 Of war-hawks, like a noose is thrown
 Over the fields; the sliding moan
 Of sullen shells fills every place,
 Blotting the beauty from earth's face,
 Clothing the land with heaps of stone.

The swallows nest in shattered room;
 On rubbed homes the flowers bloom;
 Fragrantly falls the red-blared gloom:
 Life, stretching out a hand to Death,
 Like heedless child with joyous
 breath
 Goes singing up the ways of doom.

And which is greater of these twain,
 Life fledged with joy, Death draped in
 pain?
 Over man's spirit which shall reign?
 In frail and stubborn loveliness
 Inconsequent to mock and bless
 Earth smiles Death's triumph down
 again.

G.

The Times.

THE WORLD'S WAR BILL.

In a far larger sense than Shakespeare ever dreamed of, we are looking out on the horrific spectacle of the four corners of the world in arms. Now that the United States of America have become active participants in the great struggle, countries containing two-thirds of the population of the whole world are at war. The direct and personal interests of more than a thousand million souls are involved. Nor does this calculation include the four hundred million inhabitants of China, whose diplomatic relations with Germany have been broken off. Great and Greater Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Roumania, Portugal, the United States, Belgium, Serbia and Egypt on the one hand, and Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria on the other, are at deadly grips. Only the South and Central American Republics, Spain, and some of the smaller European States, including, as has been officially announced, the microscopic Republic of San Marino, remain outside the fray, cultivating a neutrality advantageous alike to the skin and the pocket. It is a world-war in an almost complete sense of the term—a clash of interests and principles almost as tremendous and devastating as the collision of two worlds. If it be a platitude to say that nothing like it has been known in the course of mundane history, it is, nevertheless, a platitude of amazing significance. There have been costly wars and sanguinary wars and prolonged wars, but never has there been a war covering such enormous areas, involving so colossal an outlay, and darkened by such a wholesale sacrifice of human life. No words can describe, and no calculation can determine, the sum total of the grief, the misery, and the individual suffering

of the civil populations of those parts where the tide of battle has most furiously rolled. Nor is it possible to decide at this stage, since we do not know what the duration of the war will be, how much it will ultimately cost in military and naval expenditure, in the destruction of property, and in the economic value of the lives prematurely cut short. There are, however, data from which one can deduce more or less nearly the probable cost up to the completion of the third year of the conflict; and an examination of these particulars and of the conclusions to which they point reveals a story of which the arithmetic is more surprising in its tragic import every time it is looked at.

It may seem a hazardous enterprise to attempt the figuring out of this cost where so much is bound to be indefinite. In some ways it may be likened to the dubious labor of the schoolboy who is put to do "invisible sums on an imperceptible slate." But the task is not really as hopeless as it may appear at first sight. Nor is it as difficult now as it would have been in the earlier part of the war. "I do not think," said Mr. McKenna more than two years ago, "it is within the power of man to estimate what the cost would be if the war lasted thirty-six months." It has so far lasted thirty-four months, and the cost has exceeded by many thousands of millions the first crude estimates of departmental officials and club quidnuncs. When and how will this terrible expenditure cease? Armageddon expressed in the terms of millions sterling has only to go on long enough and it will threaten universal financial collapse. Already it has brought more than one small State to the verge of bankruptcy. Already the great Central Powers themselves are menaced with

financial inconvenience, and their credit is tottering in every neutral country. Already there has been a vast all-round piling up of National Debt, necessitating high and burdensome taxation for interest payments extending over several years. And the end is not yet in sight. Every day helps to magnify the bill. Great Britain alone is spending at the rate, including loans to our Allies, of more than six millions a day, and the rest of the belligerents are responsible for at least twelve millions a day. With the increased number of men in the field and an exacerbating fierceness of struggle, these figures will soon be passed. The toll of human life is an even sadder reckoning, for, apart from the tragedies which darken so many homes, it means a serious shrinkage of Europe's manhood and its potentiality of industrial production.

In trying to arrive at the cost of the war for the first three years it is necessary to consider (1) the actual expenditure of the naval and military departments, (2) the prospective interest liability on borrowed money, (3) the capitalized value to their respective States of the killed and permanently disabled, and (4) the material damage by bombardment, mines, torpedoes, and other wilful or incidental destruction. The cost of the last item must necessarily be a reckoning by conjecture, but with regard to the others there are known factors which, if taken in a spirit of conservative caution, should lead to definite approximate results. In February last Count von Roedern, in the German Reichstag, estimated the total cost up to that date, to all the Powers then engaged, at £15,000,000,000, of which, he pretended, the Central Powers accounted for £5,000,000,000 only. A more recent estimate by French financial experts puts the total cost to the beginning of next autumn at

£18,000,000,000. Nearly two years ago, in an article in the *British Review*, the present writer wrote: "If the war lasts for three years we may put the total cost (after allowing for Italy's belated entrance) at more than £18,000,000,000," and speculative estimates were given to justify this conclusion. What is the position today? The United Kingdom's share in the total cost has been officially given in Parliament as £3,900,000,000 to the end of last March, including £900,000,000 advanced to the Allies. As these loans are probably included in the expenditure of the Governments to which they were made, it will shut out the possible error of counting them twice over if only the net amount of £3,000,000,000 is dealt with. As we are still spending not less than £6,000,000 a day, the approximate net cost of our share of the war to the end of July (assuming the same proportion of loans) will be about £3,550,000,000. But to the expenditure for which the British Parliament is responsible must be added the amounts spent or advanced by India and our overseas Dominions. These may be put down, on a low estimate, at £250,000,000; and although all the money may not yet be spent, a goodly proportion of it will have been spent, or ear-marked for expenditure, by the third anniversary of the declaration of war. It will not be immoderate to make an addition of £150,000,000 on account of our Colonies and Indian Empire, raising the British total to £3,700,000,000. France, up to the end of 1916, had expended on the war £2,469,480,000, and the additional cost to August at the same rate will be a further £596,000,000, making a total of £3,065,480,000. Italy's outlay for the year ended June, 1916, was £312,000,000, and, allowing for a similar expenditure between that date and next month, we get a total of £624,000,000. Russia's expenditure is

a less ascertainable factor, but it can hardly be under £3,000,000,000 for the three years. Thus without counting the Central Powers at all we have the huge aggregate of £10,389,480,000. Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania have also spent considerable amounts, the two former since August 1st, 1914, and the last for about a third of the time, partly out of their own resources and partly out of external loans; and if only £100,000,000 is estimated for these countries, it will bring the outlay of the Allies up to 10½ thousand millions. Germany's expenditure, which no doubt includes large advances to Turkey and Bulgaria, is believed to amount already to £4,260,000,000, and Austria-Hungary's can hardly be less than £2,500,000,000; so that if the present rate of their military and naval outlay be maintained until August, there seems no reason to doubt that the expenses of the war will considerably exceed £18,000,000,000, independently of Japan's participation in the earlier stages.

Nor does this include anything on account of the United States. Some time will elapse before they can be called upon for any big outlay on active war operations, unless Germany's subterranean activities in Mexico should precipitate a subsidiary conflict. Money has, however, been voted by Congress for the necessary preparations, including the useful co-operation of monetary aid to the Allies. A credit of £600,000,000 was quickly arranged. It may be taken for granted that now that the United States, after showing unprecedented patience, have been drawn into the combination against military despotism and mad-dog methods, they will play their part with thoroughness; and the financial weight they will throw into the scale may well prove to be a decisive influence in shortening the conflict.

Eighteen thousand millions for the

three years is a sufficiently stupendous figure. A continuation of the war after July will be accompanied by new expenditure at the rate of much more than £18,000,000 a day, in addition to the costs of the United States. Whether Germany and her allies will be able to prolong their resistance through another winter is more than anyone can say with confidence; they will fight with tenacity and resource to the very last ditch; but it may be taken as proved, so far as figures can prove anything, that the war cannot possibly end with a smaller cost than from £20,000,000,000 to £25,000,000,000. It may help to a realization of what this means to state that if the lower amount could be represented by sovereigns placed edge to edge in a straight line, such a line would be nearly 300,000 miles long.

What the exact individual shares of this total will prove to be in the Clearing House of the war depends very much upon the measure of assistance which is being given by the richer to the poorer States, and on questions of indemnity and restitution. No one, for instance, outside the inner circle of the Porte can say what is Turkey's financial position, how much she has borrowed from Germany, what security she has given, in what form the advances have been made, and when and in what conditions they are repayable. For the purpose of this inquiry it is of no special importance, so long as a good guess can be made at Turkey's expenditure, to know where the money comes from or what is the country's ability to meet the after-war exactions of its taskmasters, more especially as it is not likely to have a voice in the matter.

Assuming the minimum cost, in the event of the war continuing after the autumn, to be £20,000,000,000, the most salient point is that by far the greater part of it has been raised by

loans on which interest will have to be paid for many years to come. This will still be a heavy annual liability even if some of the defeated Powers are driven to the desperate device of a default or, what amounts to the same thing, payment in paper of depreciated sinking funds, which is sure to be not less, after eliminating overlappings of principal in the nature of inter-State loans, than £500,000,000, and it may be eventually a good deal more. Although the greater part will fall due outside the three years on which most of the previous calculations are based, the liability has, nevertheless, been incurred, and it cannot be excluded from the estimate of actual cost. The essential fact of this situation is summed up in the word "taxation." Countries that have been piling up debt without proper provision for adequate revenue expansion will feel the blow most severely when it does come. This applies to Germany in particular. Her obligations for interest on war debt and ultimate repayment will amount—indeed, already amount—to well over £200,000,000 a year, and to meet this the war taxes, if they satisfy the most optimistic hopes, will not exceed £60,000,000 a year. The Kaiser, in one of those characteristic displays of bluff employed for deluding the Teutonic peoples, has recently said that the additional expenditure for interest on war loans is secured by new sources of income. Arithmetic is evidently not his Imperial Majesty's strong point. One who seeks to juggle with figures should at least be acquainted with the rudiments of the game.

So much for the present and prospective war expenditure. But money is not the only thing that has been poured out like water from a broken reservoir. There is the ghastly debit of human lives. A comparatively recent return of German losses admits that more than

1,500,000 have been killed, have died, or have been permanently incapacitated for earning a living. Large though the figure is, the observations of our own military authorities warrant the belief that the actual losses are much larger. Even if it be an adequate admission, it constitutes a sufficiently damning record for the official apologists of "cannon fodder." Particulars of the corresponding losses of all the other belligerents are not obtainable, but an unofficial military calculation based as far as possible on published casualty lists gives the approximate number as 4,500,000 up to February last, and this, together with the German figure, gives a total of 6,000,000. The five months from the end of February to the beginning of August will make a formidable addition to the tale of carnage, for the fighting for many weeks past has been fast and furious, and life is still being sacrificed at a frightful rate. There is no fear of exaggeration in assuming that 6,500,000 men in the prime of life will have either been killed outright or rendered incapable of any useful work in the future. In the early part of the war it was reasonable to estimate the average wage-earning power of these men at twenty-five shillings a week, and their actuarial prospect of active employment, after allowing for the probabilities of natural death, at twenty years. Now that a lower standard of service has been reached in all countries, and the limit of age has been raised not only in the British but in the other belligerent armies as well, it will be safer to put the average wage-earning capacity at a pound a week, and the normal prospect of active work at fifteen years. This gives us an average potential economic value of £780 for each man of the 6,500,000, or an aggregate of £5,070,000,000. The loss of all this valuable productive power will be felt for some time to come.

Many of the men were skilled craftsmen of the highest class, many others were connected with the liberal professions, some were artists and authors of more than ordinary promise. There would be nothing unreasonable in dwelling upon the loss to mankind of possible literary, forensic, histrionic, or other kindred achievements, or upon the losses of still greater public importance in the realms of scientific discovery and mechanical invention. It is preferred, however, to base the figures on a low standard of industrial work capitalized at no more than fifteen years' purchase. Nor must the civilian losses be omitted from the count—the Belgians and Armenians massacred, the inoffensive travelers sunk by submarines, the East Anglians killed by bombardment, the victims of Zeppelin raids and accidental munition explosions. These are all part of the cost of war. Many of the slain men were bread-winners, and all of them had a potential, if not an immediate, economic value. If all the mints of the world worked day and night for a year on gold coinage they could not turn out an amount that would do more than touch the fringe of compensation so far as the ruthless destruction of civilian life is concerned. It is impossible to measure in money values either the worth of the life itself or the mental agony of the near survivors; and it is therefore in the nature of an anti-climax to put down £50,000,000 as the cost of their untimely removal to agriculture, mining, manufactures, and other branches of industry. War, like Nature, is "red in tooth and claw," and, also like Nature, cares nothing for "the single life" if only the type be preserved. In spite of all this wholesale slaughter the type, in its best and worthiest form, *will* survive. In time a new generation will grow up, the places of the victims of the war will be filled by other men, and

the world's husbandry and all other kinds of bodily and intellectual activity will go on as they did before the cloud of evil fell upon the earth. This has been the sequel of all wars, and although the processes of recovery may be slower now than formerly by reason of the rending violence of the present struggle, the recovery is none the less certain. Nevertheless, the moral certainty of a flourishing world hereafter cannot rob the present of its bitterness or minimize the stupendous losses which, in half-stunned horror, the warring nations deplore. It almost demands an apology to put down such a paltry sum as £50,000,000 for these.

When it comes to dealing with material destruction, the hardest spirit of conjecture may well feel abashed. Who can put a value on the Louvain Library, on Rheims Cathedral, on the antique and historic buildings that have been ruthlessly, and in many instances maliciously destroyed? Who can put a value upon some hoary fabric of the Middle Ages, rich in its traceried ornament and enervated with legend and myth? Our enemies have distinguished themselves in the pre-eminence of wanton destruction. No fane however famous, no museum however priceless, no home of genius, no resort of learning is sacred from the violence of the super-Vandals. When Alexander sacked Thebes, and "temple and tower went to the ground,"

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus,

but no such chivalrous regard for hallowed shrines, personal distinction, or artistic beauty ever "shines like a good deed in a naughty world" where Germany or Turkey is concerned. The sentimental and antiquarian interests involved in this destruction are incalculable in £ s. d. They cannot be assessed in the same way as ordinary

bricks and mortar, nor can they be entered up, according to any recognized formula, in the ledger of war losses. It is comparatively simple to reckon the cost of rebuilding ruined homes and farmsteads, modern churches and hotels, broken bridges and up-torn railways; or of calling into existence new mercantile shipping; or of crops destroyed and businesses closed down as a direct consequence of acts of war. But material destruction on a wider scale is part of the bill. What does it amount to? Shall we say a hundred millions or a thousand millions? If sentiment is to count, the latter, large as it is, would be an inadequate sum. What is irreplaceable cannot be valued, and it will be better therefore to leave the antique and artistic values alone and to consider only such damage as money can make good. If we take note of the world-wide character of the destruction both on land and sea, of the damage done in Germany's colonies as well as the effects of bombardment in Asia Minor, France, Belgium, the Trentino, Russian Poland, and elsewhere, we shall find no difficulty in accepting £500,000,000 as a conservative estimate of what it would cost to put things right again.

Something must also be allowed for the dislocation of trade. In the earlier part of the war the exports of all the belligerent countries were severely affected. There has been some recovery since in the case of the Western Powers, but the position of the Central Powers, on the contrary, is worse. They have lost through the war, in the stoppage of imports and exports, a volume of trade exceeding in value £530,000,000 a year, much of which, if the Allies are wise, will never be recaptured. Before the war Germany and Austria-Hungary exported goods worth about £86,000,000 a year to the Allies, without including British possessions overseas, and the balance of

trade in their favor was about £50,000,000. Transfer of trade from one country to another cannot be said to be an economic loss, and allowance has to be made for the trade losses of some of the contending States being translated into trade gains for certain neutral nations. But when this allowance has been made, and the stagnation of one country has been interpreted in terms of the abnormal activities of another, we still are driven to the conclusion that there has been an enormous net shrinkage in the output and sale of useful goods as well as in the supply of the raw materials with which to manufacture them. Nor does the throbbing energy devoted to munitions make good the deficiency. Munitions are only made to destroy and to be destroyed; they cannot be classed for utility with the manufactures of pacific industry. A large proportion of the lost trade in the latter can never be recovered. No doubt there will be a revival of trade after the war, production will be stimulated, and some departments will become as busy as they are now idle. No averaging of this kind, however, can recall trade that has missed its due season without being able to supply the demand. In the three years of war this loss beyond recovery, if we only reckon the profit at 10 per cent, will be as much as £150,000,000. Other estimators may put the amount at double, or even treble, as much; where there is no trustworthy rule of guidance or settled principle of calculation, it is better, if one errs at all, to err on the side of moderation.

There are other kinds of war loss, such as the high price of food, depreciation of investments, precautionary defensive measures by neutrals, and further incidental results, that might properly be included in this survey. The second of these would certainly have had to rank but for the doubt as

to its permanency. Under peace conditions it is probable that stocks and shares will recover some of their value, although the issue of a War Loan which yields $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent has completely upset the old-time standard. Until things have settled down it is better not to include a feature so essentially liable to variations. Leaving the disputable points on one side, let the foregoing estimates be recapitulated:—

Cost of the war for	
three years.....	£18,000,000,000
Interest liability.....	500,000,000
Economic value of	
lives	5,120,000,000
Material damage.....	500,000,000
Dislocation of trade...	150,000,000
<hr/>	
Total	£24,270,000,000

Some of the consequences of this volcanic financial disturbance are obvious. There will still be heard, long after the last shot has been fired, the mournful echoes of that most inexorable of all cries—"Væ vietis!" Nor can the conquering side, on its way to after-war recovery, expect to walk forthwith in a path strewn with roses. For years to come the millstone of enormous debt will hang about the necks of rich and poor alike. Success has to be paid for in much the same currency as failure. For a long time to come, too, the great gaps made in the ranks of labor will be a handicap to industrial progress. No resolution however determined, no organization however scientific and complete, no

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self-denial however ascetic, can entirely avert these inevitable *sequelæ* of war. But any attempt to foretell the social and moral consequences of this vast expenditure and its long-to-be-endured load of taxation would be worthless that did not take into account the new spirit of humanity that is already being produced in the stills of tragic experience. The greater part of the world will indeed be super-weighted with liabilities, but instead of being borne earthward by the burden, it will, with perhaps a few exceptions that are beyond the therapeutic physio of disaster, be heartened to sacrifice and endeavor. Human energy and progress have never yet been permanently arrested by the devastating upheaval of war any more than by the occasional convulsions of Nature. In the seething crucible of trial there will be formed a new world, in which national liberties, the collectivism of the State, and the realization of higher ideals of life are expected to play a great part. Though the fire of severe discipline through which we have still to pass may scorch us, it will leave no lasting cicatrix. This war is, in effect, an instrument of the great never-resting activities of evolution. It will chasten and scarify the world, making it more frugal and temperate, less prone to the frivolous excesses of fashion and the pursuit of idle pleasure, and more receptive of the gospel of human equality and mutual helpfulness.

H. J. Jennings.

WAR, RELIGION, AND THE MAN-IN-THE-STREET.

The war has certainly strengthened the demand for a better understanding between the Churches. In the supreme crisis of a man's life it has shown for how little dogmatic differences count; but the movement towards unity had

already begun, and the war has only accelerated the pace. There must be a good reason to induce the average Briton to forego in matters religious that controversial method to which he is so much attached—a trial of strength,

an ordeal of battle, which determines everything for him from theology to sport. This centripetal movement began with the grouping of Churches most nearly allied. For some years past church membership, and attendance at public worship, have been failing. Now the Sunday schools are also declining, and the children are slipping away. It is a common danger which is drawing diverse religious bodies together, as wild and domestic animals crowd a rising slope, and call a truce to their antipathies in face of a threatening flood. There is a remarkable parallel to this in the attraction which is moving smaller political communities into federal association, and which, at the same time, acknowledges full allegiance to the sovereign state. It may be that a sense of common danger works for concentration throughout the civilized world. But unless the cause of the growing estrangement between the Church and the community can be discovered and repaired, a mere union of Churches will be like an association of separate business concerns in face of a common failure. Although a considerable part of the nation abstains from church attendance, and troubles little about a future life, it still retains a salvage of faith. The Man-in-the-street is generally persuaded that there is somewhere a God in charge of his creation, and probably another state of existence. Prompted by this reverence for the Unseen he makes an uneasy attempt to translate religion into well-being. He tries to bring up his family decently, and extends a friendly hand to others in trouble. Death is common enough; he must go with the rest when his time arrives, and then he will see what he will see. He is willing to take his chance, to share with his friends—good sort of fellows but not saints. He has no wish to reach Paradise too soon lest he should find himself in the uncongenial

society of the super-good. At the back of his consciousness there lurks the idea that although human wickedness deserves punishment it can never justify eternal wreckage. So that social morality, touched by imagination, is coming to replace doctrinal religion.

But the war has swept through his mind like a streak of blue lightning; it has revealed difficulties in the way of his easy-going faith; it has opened gulfs of new inquiry; it has put questions to him to which he is driven to find some reply. He can no longer take refuge in an easy agnosticism. He must know something more, something which he can understand, and that something can rest no longer upon a human authority unless it is associated with a rational explanation. Once again he turns to the Church for an interpretation, a restatement of the unknown. If he be Roman or Anglican, he finds that it is worship which counts—the altar, the sacrifice of the Mass. The troubled in heart may find solace in the Sacrament, and can unburden at the Confessional. The sermon is short and simple, dealing with questions of conduct or of church order, but rarely touching the actual experience of the individual. If he be an Evangelical Free Churchman, the sermon is mostly ethical, oftentimes literary, but it fails to search and grip as in former days. The preacher has much to say about the Sermon on the Mount, but is hardly so sure about the Gospel of the Kingdom. Yet never were the ministries of the Anglican, and of the Free Churches, better fitted by scholarship, and by general attainment, to perform their task. But the Man-in-the-street is here with his questioning, and a new account must be taken of him. The triumph of science and the venture of philosophy during the last century have challenged and moulded Christian teaching. The claims of the Church have been scrutinized, her foundations

for belief explored, and she has survived the trial; but the experience has left its mark upon her. It was so with the Primitive Church, when she mistook the after-glow for the sunrise, as the hope of the immediate coming of Christ faded away, and she found that all things continued as they were from the beginning. The danger in every age has been stagnation, fixity of tenure, too intensive culture of the old soil, a reluctance to move towards fresh fields and pastures new. Now the Church must move or she will lose her opportunity. If she be wise she will return with her questioner to the written records of her Faith, attempting to reconcile the problems of the present with the Scriptures of the past. For the Man-in-the-street has already returned to the Book. He troubles himself little about a definition of authority but accepts it as a whole. He soon finds that he cannot read it as a literalist; for it is always possible through literalism to gain support for differing and conflicting opinions. The Calvinist discovers a strait gate and a narrow way; the Arminian, a wide welcome to the weary and heavy laden; the Socialist, a common purse; the Pacifist, a doctrine of non-resistance. But as he reads it dawns upon him that Truth must be Personality, the Spirit of God, the Christ himself; impossible to be limited by permanent creed, confession of faith, theological trust. These, like wayside inns, suffice to mark the successive stages of the journey. This same conclusion interprets for him the Ministry of Jesus Christ. The Christ began as a Prophet of Israel, He finished as the Saviour of the world. The testimony to which He bore witness was subjective, His own personal consciousness. Flashes of intuition came to him of an immemorial past; "the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." Up to the morning of His resurrection there

was apparently no external supernatural fact upon which He founded His stupendous claim. "Tell the vision to no man until the Son of Man be risen from the dead." He was little concerned in prophecy relating to Himself, and if the midnight heaven broke into song to announce His arrival, that splendid testimony was restricted to a few, and was never incorporated into His teaching. After His long silence in Nazareth His ministry began with mighty works, but He treated them as subordinate evidence. So the Man-in-the-street, a learner, but not a literalist, discovers that the whole revelation is continuous and progressive, each stage provisional in its character. Turning from the written record he seeks the teaching of science, and here he finds a parallel which he had hardly anticipated. On the one hand, he observed that Jesus Christ declined to limit His teaching to His own discourses; that He suggested receptiveness, expansion, and development. The grain of mustard seed was to become a great tree; the Spirit of Christ was to lead men into all truth. On the other hand, how is science teaching? By throwing wide its doors, admitting the whole world to its laboratories, and accepting the fullest investigations of its conclusions. Like the theologian, the scientist begins with a theory. For the time it may be unprovable, simply a working hypothesis. He assumes the law of gravitation without having determined exactly its nature. He fills the whole of space with a tenuous fluid, which he calls ether, and adopts it to explain the passage of light, sound, and other effects by vibrations, which are translated into human consciousness.

At one time the atom stands for the irreducible unit. Presently the atom is resolved into active electrons. Each conclusion was sufficient for the moment, but it was a partial revelation, sincerely held, relative to its

own day. The past can never satisfy us when "new planets swim into our ken." Even the conclusions of science arrive as a revelation, and are comparable to the message of Religion. In both cases there may be prophecy, precedent, and research. We freely admit that our greatest discoveries have broken like a burst of sunshine upon the investigator after long and tedious inductive inquiry. It was at the beginning of natural things, the making of this world, that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." There are sterile centuries in which the Word of the Lord becomes precious because there is no open vision; and this applies to Science as well as to Religion. Then the days of revelation return when prophet after prophet, flushed with new discovery, descends from the high place with psaltery, tabret, and pipe. So far reassured, the Man-in-the-street no longer despairs of a religion capable of reconciling the ideal with the real, and interpreting for him the desperate difficulty of the moment. For the man is willing enough to accept the love of God, and is compelled to admit the presence of evil; but he declines to be satisfied with the statement of the theologian that he must further acknowledge a Divine Being, all mighty, all merciful, as the one ultimate reality, without attempting to construe that creed with the present failures and sufferings of human existence. That which science has not reached, and theology has not unraveled, can philosophy explain? For both theology and science will be doing no wrong to their antecedents if they accept an explanation which may prove to be provisional, but which for the time being is sufficient.

Let it not be said by way of interruption that we cannot sincerely accept a statement as truth if it be liable to revision. Such is not the ex-

perience of either the individual or the race. The child knows, thinks, acts, upon a partial interpretation of the world so far as the limit of his comprehension reaches. For him it is the whole truth, though he may fully realize that when he becomes a man he will put away childish things in consequence of a wider outlook. So love triumphantly survives when tongues fall silent, knowledge fails, prophecies vanish. Let us further assure ourselves that all new truth is development and not destruction. It fulfils the past, and therefore we are content to believe in the present, and to wait upon the future.

The theologian is unwilling to discuss the origin of evil, particularly with the Man-in-the-street. But the man will not be denied. "You can surely give some explanation," he says, "even if the explanation be only provisional. Your fellow-thinker in science would never leave himself without a working hypothesis. It is no answer to say that positive good implies negative evil. That there is an eternal necessity which requires evil as the alternative to goodness, would only remove the difficulty further back without explaining it. Who is responsible for such eternal necessity? Besides, evil is often sufficiently positive to be aggressive—by no means the shadow cast by the shining of goodness." Let the theologian attempt a metaphysical explanation; the Man-in-the-street demands something more definite. He suggests that, as we are living within time and space, we had better confine our discussion to our own universe without entering upon the difficulties of eternity and of space illimitable, as these both transcend our understanding. We are here in a material universe, whose general boundaries are mapped and known, and whose evolution has been fully explained by science. It is a universe preceded by an everlasting and fol-

lowed by an everlasting. At present that everlasting is unknowable, and the unknowable has no practical use for the Man-in-the-street. But he is prepared to accept and to worship the Being who accompanies the universe from its creation to its dissolution. "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." If we accept universal Spirit or Energy as the source of all things, it is necessarily accountable for all phenomena, whether of good or of evil. From that Eternal Spirit, impersonal, illimitable, and unknowable, a personal God who is limited by relativity must be derived. That God is accepted as holy, benevolent and all mighty so far as we are concerned. We are bound to assume that He is doing the best possible for mankind. We find Him at war with evil, at least in this part of His universe. That evil must be either naturally inherent in the universe, or it must come from without, an invader. Let us take, for example, two neighboring States, like Germany and France. They are existing side by side, at peace, each contented with its own ideal. One State seeks to impose its ideal upon the other State at the cost of war, and out of that war unutterable sin and misery develop. May we not postulate a Power, ruling in another universe, but formerly in possession or with claims of ambition upon our own universe. If that were so, then province by province, world by world, the Supreme Being to whom we owe loyalty and love will be driving back the aggressor and redeeming the lost at the price of blood. For the time being there is a limitation of almightiness; but has not that already been conceded by the theologian, who limits salvation to a method, a necessity, a sacrifice? If God were not so limited, would he have manifested Himself in the person of the Son of Man suffering for humanity? Christ's explanation of His own act of atonement is

sufficiently definite. "Now is the crisis of this world; now is the Prince of this world cast out." As a general, moving into an enemy's country at the head of His Army, He advanced so far that for the moment He felt Himself deserted by His Father as well as by His followers. He fell, but He fell to rise again, and by that supreme act captured a commanding position, a stronghold from the enemy. So the death of Christ is not complete without the resurrection. It is not punishment but victory which saves. "If Christ be not risen, ye are yet in your sins." By this means the doctrine of atonement is lifted out of a narrow theology into a cosmic truth. Evil, manifold in its operations, is apparently indestructible. It can be driven out, but it must be somewhere. It possesses belligerent rights. "Suffer us to go into the herd of swine," and He suffered them. In the tradition of Michael contending with the adversary, he durst not bring against his fellow and fallen Archangel a railing accusation, but exclaims, "The Lord rebuke Thee." In the Apocalypse, Satan is to be bound for a thousand years, not forever—an internment camp.

In the early centuries men and women went to prison and to death for salvation, not for fine distinctions of doctrine. Today we are asking, From what disaster are we to be saved? Is it from the penalty of moral deterioration, or is there something deeper and even more disastrous? It would be much easier to negotiate treaties of reconciliation between church and church upon secondary matters, if they could agree upon the principal message. From what then are we to be saved? Surely from being seduced from our allegiance to God, and from passing under the control of an alien and opposing Power. In contrast to Jewish teaching, Jesus Christ did not apparently attach irrevocable importance

to human transgression. He healed disease and forgave sins in a breath. He declared that He had come into the world to destroy the works of the Devil. Disease and death were not the final methods by which exhausted material was to be cleared away in order that the fires of life might burn more brightly. Evil, whether physical or moral, He regarded as one and the same, the enemy of God and of man. It is permissible to imagine that evil is not an end in itself, but a process of destruction prior to reconstruction upon a different plan and order, as a conquered province is restored upon the lines which best please its conqueror. But that order is foreign to us, and treason to the Power which claims our love and obedience. We may argue as we please about the human endowment of free will. Our experience shows that the area in which it acts is very limited. Heredity, environment, determine for us a great part of our lives, and a power exercised upon us of an adverse spiritual character, may easily become irresistible. As a matter of fact, it does so become in many cases. And the redemption of the human soul, the restoration to it of the power of free will, is the real salvation. Nor does it end with recapture, the recovered sinner is brought into the Kingdom of Grace to be recuperated after captivity. The salvation costs much. It is a resistance unto blood striving against sin; and this, surely, is found at the very heart of the Christian message. By adopting the foregoing, the religious teacher is able to offer the Man-in-the-street a reasonable explanation of the strife and disorder with which the world today is vexed. It proposes a solution of the mystery of war, under the government of a God benevolent to his Universe. He does not will the war, but reveals it as part of the cosmic struggle. Disease is shortening the

lives of more millions than this or any other war, and we may regard the medical science of these later times as a form of trench warfare, by which we are driving back the enemy. The individual soul is brought into the world from we know not where, identifies itself with God's secular struggle in this part of His universe, and is withdrawn when its contribution has been made, into the restfulness of a base hospital, a cool and quiet place where even the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nation. It may be objected that this argument is too remote to hold the attention of the ordinary individual. It revives controversy and colors that controversy with the tinge of a discarded theology. But it is just this war which has forced the question to the front. The fact of God, another state of being, future life—these words have returned to the vernacular, and we are not too reserved to use them. They have become as real as the day's rations, the ammunition wagon, the vigil in the trench. The Church can no longer decline such religious familiarity, to retreat within the shadow of a conventional message. Religion has returned to the region of fact, and we are called upon for live decision. How do we justify the personal sacrifice and daily experience? What is driving our men to enter the furnace of national sacrifice? The alternative to the Christian instinct must be the urgency of a patriotism half-divine, half-pagan, an impulse of devotion to the race, having no direct concern with the future. Now, the mother and father will surrender their best, though with heartache, if they truly believe that it is not only well with the lad, but much better. We are taught that Sin brings its own penalty, but surely Sacrifice opens to fresh opportunity. And what better opportunity can be suggested for the most careless-hearted young soldier than that he may have

a further and finer alternative than any which has been offered him in this world; a career touched with the memories of the past, and its expanding with the purpose of higher promise. "My son has given his young life in its prime to his country. Surely that country does not claim a spiritual sacrifice—the loss of his soul as well as the destruction of his body!" At this point, where does the Church come in? Dare she venture into the darkness of the Unknown, light a candle, and set it upon a candlestick? If she cannot provide some explanation in reply to this heart-longing, she will inevitably stimulate the growth of a doubtful spiritualism. The Protestant Reformation in this country was largely affected by the emphatic determinism of Calvinist doctrine. Apart from the perversion of the teaching of Purgatory in the Catholic Church, the reformers had no use for an intermediate state. They held that the future of every soul was determined from the moment of its entrance upon human life by the inexorable will and fore-knowledge of God. We who hold a happier teaching, are not bound to limit the mercy and grace of God to the few years that we spend on this earth. If we go back to New Testament teaching, we shall find much to instruct us in this matter from the words of Christ and of His apostles. We shall find that there are still waters and green pastures of rest and of preparation. Even the flame of Hades, that judgment which begins at the House of God, will prove to be mercy as well as judgment, remedial as well as punitive. This is surely to be preferred to a revival of the tribal god, the national deity. Within monotheist teaching there is room for subordinate intelligence, agencies of a personal character, through whom the Divine Will may be imperfectly transmitted. The relation of humanity to the brute creation, and of the higher

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racess of mankind to the lower, are instances of this. But we must assume that the Church intends no such surrender. Let her, therefore, amend her teaching in closer correspondence to its primitive forms, so that an atmosphere of awe, deepening into fear, may give new strength and warning to her message of Love. Intellectual agreement on other and minor questions can never be the one condition of Christian fellowship. If for a moment, such an agreement could be obtained, temperamental differences and subjective impressions would divide the newly-united Church the day afterwards. In the hush of such a temporary settlement we should still hear the Christian centuries, in the long past, denouncing one another. If the Church became organically one tomorrow, she might excite the wonder of the world, but would not necessarily obtain a single fresh convert. The unity for which Jesus Christ prayed really banished uniformity forever. It was a unity of intercession, one Christ, one hope, one confidence, with varying degrees of knowledge. But admitting this, we still have reason to do everything possible to bring the different bodies, which constitute the visible Church of Christ, into contact and co-operation. It appears as if a great opportunity were maturing. The world is tired of a naturalism which cannot break loose from the laws of materialism, and which offers no promise of an ultimate ideal. Acceleration of the processes of life by fresh spiritual impulse has probably accounted for our present development. A spiritual impact upon man has quickened his mentality, braced his physical powers, and endowed him with a spiritual insight. That divine process, has probably occurred more than once in the history of the race. It may be that a fresh revelation, a coming of the Son of Man, will lift us still higher in a future not too remote.

Joseph Compton-Rickett.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

BY M. W. LETTS.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mark Travis drove up to No. 16 Dale Road the sun was shining brightly.

The square yard or so of front garden had made a gallant attempt at gaiety. Sweet Williams and pansies were in flower. The window curtains looked dazzlingly fresh, and the door paint wonderfully new.

The children at No. 17 hung over their own railings to watch the cab arrive, and some one, who thought herself concealed behind a bedroom curtain, peered out to inspect the new neighbors.

So this was home—this little red-brick house with its bow-window and its tiny garden, home with its future yet unknown, and birth and death waiting, perhaps, on that very clean doorstep.

Mark, a little perturbed and anxious, helped his wife out of the cab.

"Shall I ring or use my latch-key?" he asked.

"Ring. Duncan might like it better."

They stood together on the threshold till the door was flung open and a prim, very neat maid appeared.

"Here we are, Duncan," said the master rather shyly as he held out his hand, "and here's your mistress."

"Hope you're well, ma'am."

"Yes, thank you, Duncan. Oh! the master will help to carry up the boxes."

There being no room in the hall for the boxes and the mistress to pass each other, Christina withdrew into her new drawing-room.

It was separated from the dining room by folding-doors. She stood in the middle of the floor gazing about her. This was her husband's handiwork, his labor of love on her behalf. She could

almost see him hanging the pictures, and laboriously crawling over the carpet. The paper, a green ground with a design of roses, was a pretty one, her own choice, but it made a tiresome background for the innumerable pictures that were hung upon it.

Here, at either side of the fireplace, were oil paintings of Mark's parents in their best clothes. The pictures were crudely done, the faces looking fixed and sanctimonious. Above the mantelpiece was a framed group of his firm with Mark somewhere in the background. The opposite wall was given to Christina's upright piano. Above it the Meyer Madonna, Mark's present to her, was balanced by Queen Victoria. Below them were some excellent old woodcuts, given by Mr. Ingleby. These were jostled by photographs and an impossible angel in a gilt frame. The chairs stood around the wall. There was a profusion of antimacassars, the handiwork of the late Mrs. Travis, and several rickety bamboo tables holding knick-knacks such as Lincoln Cathedral under a magnifying glass, a photograph album containing a musical box, a china cat with a bow round its neck, and an olive wood box from Jerusalem.

The mantelpiece clock was covered by a glass shade and flanked by two marble obelisks also under glass shades. Between them there were more photographs.

Christina was still gazing about her when Mark came in. He looked a little self-conscious.

"Do you like it?" he asked diffidently.

"Dear, it's quite . . . quite delightful. What trouble you've had."

"It looks homely, I think, and yet

elegant as you might say. Of course, the dear parents had to have the place of honor. I regretted we had not yours for the opposite wall. I wish you'd known my mother, Christina. She brought us up, you know; my father died quite young. She was splendid, was my mother. These antimacassars are her work . . . there was nothing she could not do."

Christina looked at her watch.

"I suppose I must change my dress," she said: "Duncan will expect it, won't she?"

Mark followed his wife up to the bedroom above the drawing-room.

"I'm rather afraid of Duncan," he confessed when the door was shut. "I hate calling servants by their surnames, it's so inhuman; but when I interviewed her she said she wished it. I'd rather she'd be Eliza."

"We mustn't let her see we're frightened," said Christina stoutly, as she put on a white muslin dress calculated to impress the new maid.

Mark was changing his coat.

"She won't expect evening dress, I suppose," he remarked, "but I'll call this black velvet coat my dinner jacket. By the way, Christina, we ought to have family prayers; mother always did."

Christina stood still to stare at her husband.

"Oh! Mark, I daren't in the mornings by myself, and you won't have time after breakfast."

"No. I must read prayers at half-past nine at night. If we have company I don't know what we'll do."

Christina glanced at her husband respectfully. Respect had deepened wonderfully during the honeymoon. Already she looked at the world from a slightly different angle—that of the wife. She had taken the step that decided her fate, and peace had come with decisive action. The rest and holiday had done her good. She was

no longer pale and haggard, but comely and cheerful. Mark was her own, and loyalty had awakened in her. Some feeling, the counterpart, of man's chivalry to woman, was stirred. He was hers to keep well-fed and happy, well-mended and comfortable. She was ready to criticise him herself, but the criticism of others she would have now resented fiercely.

She squeezed past the dressing-table and looked out from the open window. Dale Road was on a hill above West-hampton, so that she looked down towards the old city. It was flooded by evening sunshine, all its towers and spires dark against a rosy sky. Christina felt, as she looked forth, an acute consciousness of destiny. Here was the town in which for good or ill her lot was cast. What would it hold for her of happiness or sorrow? She looked behind her into the little bedroom with its fresh blue and white paper, its walnut suite, its new red carpet. This would be the inmost sanctuary of the coming years. Here life might come to her in all its mystery and agony and joy. Here death might come.

She stood there in the sunshine, her wavy, brown hair turned to gold, her face illumined. Mark gazed at her in silent delight. Then the gong sounded, and together they went down to the first meal in their new home.

The table was decorated with roses, and there was a dish of strawberries.

"Who brought them?" Christina asked the prim maid who stood behind Mark's chair.

"A Mr. Ingleby, ma'am, with his compliments, and 'e 'oped to call soon."

Travis, as he carved the mutton, made a tentative effort to establish friendly relations with the maid.

"What nice weather we've had, Duncan."

"Yessir."

"I suppose it's been very hot here?"
"Yessir."

There was a depressed silence till Duncan left the room.

"Don't talk to her at meals; she doesn't approve of it, I see," said Christina; "of course she is quite right."

"I hate an automatic machine to wait on me. I wish she'd talk to us and seem interested in us."

"Well, she seems a very smart maid. We mustn't cheapen ourselves to her. Perhaps it's as well to begin at a high level."

After they had eaten the strawberries, husband and wife strolled out through the French window into the little narrow back garden, an oblong of thin and weedy grass, surrounded by a path and then by a border.

"Not much yet," commented Mark as he struck a match for his pipe, "but there would be room for a hammock from the apple tree to a staple in the wall. You could lie there and read while I work at the garden."

"But I shall work, too."

A child's face peeped at them over the wall, then another, and another. There was evidently a bench at the far side which afforded a neighborly view. A man's voice called, "Get down," sharply. There was a smell of tobacco in the air.

"I wonder if they're nice," whispered Christina.

"Brown is the name; I asked the milkman," murmured Mark.

A woman's head appeared at a window that Christina knew belonged to the bathroom.

"Children, come in," she called. "Poppy take that broken mug from Jack, and make Theo get off the border."

A child's drawling voice said, "Good-night, father," and a man's voice answered, "Good-night," gruffly, as one who is smoking and reading will speak.

"Family life," murmured Mark.

He stood in the middle of his own patch of grass. His eyes were a little wistful. Vague longings were stirring in his heart. He put an arm round his wife.

"And we're just at the beginning of it; but who knows, who knows?" he said.

She rubbed her head against his shoulder.

"The people up in the bathroom will see us," she said, "but one just can't help it."

After an hour in the garden, the new householders went into their drawing-room. Christina opened the piano and lighted the candles. Mark was busy re-arranging the books in the little corner shelf. Christina looked through the music to find some Grieg pieces.

"Who ever got Farmer's Instruction Book?" she asked, "it's not mine."

Mark laughed a little shyly.

"'Mark Travis' is written on it," she said; "it's quite new, is it yours?"

"Yes."

"But what did you get it for?"

Mark leaned back on his heels.

"Well," he explained slowly, "I thought it was hard for you me being so unmusical, so . . . so I thought it's never too late to learn, and I bought that book. I have learned quite a lot, really. My last landlady's little girl used to teach me . . . I know my notes and the scale of C."

"Oh! Mark, you darling!"

"Now, don't think I'm any good yet. I've been trying 'Pestal,' and I think I shall be able to manage it soon, and perhaps the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn. You see my great ambition is . . . but I don't think I'll mention it yet."

"Do tell me."

"Promise not to laugh."

"I promise."

"Well, it's to play duets with you. The bass is often quite easy, just dum

... dum ... dum, you know, and so perhaps I could manage it in a year, practising a quarter of an hour each day. Do you think so?"

Christina rose swiftly. There were tears in her eyes.

"Of course, of course," she said. "I shall teach you. You'll play the Austrian National Hymn, and 'Come Back to Erin' in three months, I promise."

She laughed rather brokenly as she bent over him and kissed him.

"Oh! my husband," she said softly.

From this time life settled into a steady routine. There was the hurried early breakfast and Mark's departure, then Christina's marketing in West-hampton, a task that she liked, for there was romance in the old town with its weekly market in the great town square and the curious "Old Market," as it was called, in the lower part of the town, where many bargains in lace and china could be made. At one o'clock Christina had a solitary lunch, and in the afternoon, unless she paid or received calls, a solitary walk towards the country district beyond the town.

The unusual solitude preyed on her spirits, and she was thankful to see her husband come home between six and seven o'clock. Dinner followed, and then the evening, when frequently he had work to do. If he were not busy with his accounts, Mark's diversions were gardening and little repairs about the house. He was a man almost without conversation. His mother, a severe woman, had thought highly of silence. She had never encouraged self-expression in her children, and Mark, naturally devoid of imaginative gifts, had grown up a man of deeds and few words. His day's work often left him too much tired to do anything but lie in an easy-chair, his head against his wife's shoulder. She would read him the papers, and, when he fell asleep, sit quietly looking before her at the

empty fireplace, her mind busy with thoughts. At half-past nine Duncan knocked, and Travis, startled into bewildered wakefulness, would rise, get a prayer-book and begin family prayers in nervous haste.

He read the psalms and prayers breathlessly with no inflection or expression, as a duty that must be performed. He did not fear Duncan less, as the months went by. How one could "dare to speak to Duncan" was still a problem between husband and wife. Christina had been certain that she smelled tobacco in the kitchen when the maid said there was no one there. The butter went at a prodigious pace. The master was shocked at his own rapid consumption of beer. Duncan had besides the sketchiest notions of house-cleaning, but so great was her dignity, so evident her scorn of her employers, so magnificent the past situations of which she would speak, that Christina did not dare to suggest a parting.

Acquaintance with the next door family was begun by the children, who watched Christina over the garden wall. The little round dirty faces were soon familiar and dear to the solitary girl. She loved to talk to them. She became cognizant of their names and ages and many other details. From her own bathroom window she surveyed their garden. Mr. Brown was handsome and always well dressed. He was evidently a sort of potentate to his family. He was never seen to do any hard labor such as Mark would gladly do.

It was his part to be served. Sometimes he was angry, and his shouts were clearly audible over the wall; at other times he was gracious and his children clustered round him.

He went out nearly every evening, and returned quite late, for Christina often woke to hear the sound of the closing door. She was glad when one

fine day Duncan announced that Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room.

Christina brushed her hair, and then went down to receive her visitor. Mrs. Brown was a woman who had once been very pretty with a childish fleeting beauty; she was not much older than her hostess, and the two women, meeting on a level of the same age and circumstance, quickly made friends. Christina could talk of children with sincere interest, and a devoted mother never tired her. This made her liked and trusted by her own sex. Mrs. Brown became communicative over the tea-cups.

"I'm so glad," she said, "that you're fond of children. The last neighbors weren't. We were so nervous about you, but the children soon found out how kind you are."

"Yes, I love them, specially Jack, he's such a sturdy little boy."

"Oh! you don't know how good Jack is, though he's only three. He's such a mother's boy, he wants to follow me everywhere. Isn't it wonderful what an idol one can be to one's children?"

"I don't know; you're everything to them."

"Yes—for a little while. Then they find one out. The awakening must come. They find they can stand by themselves, and then they look at their mothers with the world's eye and find them wanting."

"How sad; must it be?"

"With ordinary people like me—yes. I suppose when Jack goes to school he will begin to see what an ordinary, dowdy, tiresome person his mother is."

Christina considered Mrs. Brown, and reflected that this clarity of vision might befall Jack.

"One is a queen to them for a little while," the mother continued; "but it's a very short reign. I always pray God to give me the sense to know when my reign is over."

"Oh! but when they're older they will realize your devotion."

Mrs. Brown drew on her worn suede gloves. "Then they marry or they go away," she said. She looked up with a smile at her hostess.

"It'll be near their bath time. I'm afraid I've stayed too long, and talked far too much about myself and the children."

Christina protested.

"I'm often so lonely when my husband is out. You and your children will help me to pass the time," she said.

"Gladly. I do hope we'll be real neighbors. It's such a comfort to have friends next door. For one thing, if one runs out of butter or tea or potatoes, it's so nice to feel you can borrow."

Christina admitted this practical point of view. Mrs. Brown was in the hall now. But she was a woman of prolonged farewell, and she thought of most of her leading remarks at the door. She extricated her cards, and put them on the card salver. "I hope you'll meet my husband soon," she said. "I must warn you, though, that he's been admiring you already at a distance."

Christina laughed.

"Oh! it's the distance, then. How kind of Mr. Brown."

"My husband is a great judge of looks and dress."

"Is he? I don't think mine notices very much."

"Doesn't he? I'm sure he notices yours. He's so very fond of you. You must forgive me, but sometimes when you're in the garden in the evening I can't help watching you from the bathroom window. It's very rude—but somehow—somehow it does me good to see you together."

Christina looked into Mrs. Brown's gray eyes and saw tragedy there; a tragedy discreetly veiled by convention.

"You see *he* hasn't woken up," Christina explained. "He doesn't see me as I really am."

Mrs. Brown held out her hand to say good-bye. "Then don't let him see anything that could grieve him," she said. "I don't believe it's good for husbands and wives to get too much used to each other. Good-bye, Mrs. Travis; I'm so glad to have met you."

The visitor made her way out of the Travis gate and in at her own. Instantly three watchful faces that long had been pressed to the drawing-room window disappeared, and in a minute a fat little boy had launched himself on his mother, clasping her about the knees with ardent arms, while the little girls ran to catch her hands. Christina, who had gone to her own gate, watched the greetings half enviously. Later she discussed the Brown family with her husband at dinner.

"Do you know anything of Mr. Brown?" she asked. "Mr. Vere Brown he calls himself on his card?"

"He's no better than he should be. I'm sorry for the wife, but I'm not keen about knowing him too well. Still, we'll have to be civil."

"That night we were going to the late post and walked behind him, I thought he seemed rather unsteady on his feet."

"Exactly!"

"Oh! Mark, what do women do whose husbands drink?"

"God knows. This Brown has a brother who's a bird of the same feather; he's a very unsatisfactory sort of chap I hear. I hope we shan't have to meet *him*."

In this time of small happenings that were of such importance to the mistress of the house a domestic crisis was reached. It took place over that topic—so fruitful of disturbance—the bath water.

Mark had given due notice that he

desired a hot bath one evening. He had been working till late in the garden. Christina, as she played the piano, heard a swish and gurgle. She reflected with a smile that water running into a bath is as musical as a stream running over rocks, but the association robs it of its due romance.

Then an indignant voice called over the stairs, "Duncan, Duncan." It continued to call. Christina left her tryst with Bach and joined in the call. Then, on behalf of her husband, who was clad in his dressing gown, she went to the kitchen. It was empty.

"And this is not her day out," said Christina. "I shall look the back door and make her ring at the front."

Her breath came fast as she uttered this threat.

"The water is quite lukewarm," Mark exclaimed. "It's disgraceful, when she keeps a roaring fire. Really, dear, we must get another. 'Pon my soul, I feel angry enough to dismiss her myself."

"You *must* wait till after our supper party tomorrow. I do wish we'd got it over first. If she's cross she'll spoil everything. And it's so horrid to be in the kitchen with her when she won't speak."

Husband and wife passed half an hour of nervous irritation, and then the front door bell rang. Christina drew her breath sharply.

"Now," she said.

She opened the door.

"Well, Duncan, where have you been?"

"Only down to the post, ma'am."

"It couldn't take you half an hour."

"No, ma'am. I was just at the back gate getting some fresh h'air. The kitchen is that hot it takes all my strength out."

Mark, looking like some gallant Roman clad in a toga, surveyed Duncan from a commanding position on the stairs.

"Why is the water not hot?" he asked. "With that fire it should be boiling."

"It's all the range, sir. No one could do nothing with that old range. In other 'ouses I've been used to a proper range."

Duncan retreated to the kitchen with flags flying.

"When did you clean the flues?" Mark called after her. But neither echo nor Duncan made any response.

An hour later, Mark, as dirty as a sweep, peeped into the drawing-room.

"That woman hasn't cleaned the flues since she came," he declared.

"What shall we do?" asked his wife.

But the matter was settled, for Duncan, disdainfully brushing past her master, made her appearance.

"I wish to give notice, ma'am," she said. Then, raising her voice for the benefit of her retreating master, "I'm only used to gentlemen's 'ouses. I've never 'ad a master that cleaned 'is own flues, an' it's more than I'm going to bear."

Christina braced herself.

"Very good, Duncan," she said. "I intended to dismiss you this week."

But it was Duncan who won the odd trick, for the next day, when her mistress was marketing in the town, she departed, bag and baggage, taking with her sufficient of Christina's goods to make up for a month's wages. However, the supper party, thanks to the assistance of Mrs. Brown, her hand-maiden, and all the little Browns (who cleaned the silver), was quite the social success of Dale Road.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC OF WILDFLOWERS.*

Dr. Arnold of Rugby used to say, "Wildflowers are my music." He found in wildflowers, not indeed in the scientific study of botany but in the simple love of our wayside flora, that refreshment and recreation which many persons find in music. "I cannot perceive," he wrote to a friend with reference to music, "what to others is a keen source of pleasure; but on the other hand there are many men who cannot enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood-sorrel." One great charm associated with his beloved home of Fox How, between Rydal

and Ambleside, was the abundance of wildflowers. He loved them, he used to say, "as a child loves them."

To many other distinguished men, besides the great Headmaster of Rugby, have wildflowers been the music of their lives. It is proposed in the present paper to consider a few signal illustrations of this fascinating recreation, which has appealed alike to poets and philosophers and men of letters, as well as to individuals of a more scientific attitude of mind.

Among philosophers who found in wildflowers the solace and refreshment of their lives, two notable names may be recalled, those of Jean Jacques Rousseau and of John Stuart Mill. Readers of Rousseau's *Confessions* will remember the many allusions to the pursuit of botany which beguiled, especially in his later years, so many hours of the unhappy philosopher's life. He often regretted that, as a

*1. "The Poet Gray as a Naturalist." By Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Goodspeed, 1903.

2. "George Crabbe." MSS. in possession of Mr. John Murray.

3. "Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of His Life." Edited by his wife. Two vols. King, 1877.

4. "Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort." Two vols. Macmillan, 1896.

5. "Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell." Macmillan, 1904.

6. "Lord Lister." By G. T. Wrench, M.D. Fisher Unwin, 1913.

young man, he had not availed himself of the companionship of one Claude Anet, who, like himself, was an inmate of the household of Madame de Warens, and who, in his herbalizing expeditions in the neighborhood of Chambéry, would return home laden with rare and interesting plants. But, at that time, Rousseau considered botany as only "a fit study for an apothecary." Claude Anet unfortunately died of a pleurisy, caught while botanizing in the Alps, and the chance of becoming "an excellent botanist" was lost to the philosopher. But in after years he became, as he tells us, "passionately devoted" to the study of plants, which filled up his leisure hours, and in pursuit of which he would wander for miles along the countryside, "without a weary moment." During his sojourn in the Isle St. Pierre, a lovely spot in the middle of the Lake of Biennne, he seems to have devoted most of his time to his favorite hobby. "The different soils into which the island, although little, was divided, offered," he writes in his Confessions, "a sufficient variety of plants for the study and amusement of my whole life. I was determined not to leave a blade of grass without examination, and I began to take measures for making, with an immense collection of observations, a *Flora Petrinsularis*." The persecution, however, to which Rousseau was subjected, followed him to his beloved retreat; and before long he received notice from the authorities to quit the island without delay. To his intense grief and indignation he was forced to obey, and the projected *Flora* was never compiled.

It will doubtless come as a surprise to many persons to learn that the author of "Principles of Political Economy" was an ardent field-botanist. When, as a lad of fifteen, he paid

a visit to Sir Samuel Bentham at his house in the South of France, he made friends with his host's only son, George, afterwards the author of the well-known "Handbook of the British Flora"; and it was under his influence that John Stuart Mill became a "searcher after simples." For many years, after he had entered the India Office, Mill was accustomed to spend his Sundays in long botanical rambles in the neighborhood of London, while his annual holiday was usually passed in the same pursuit. Surrey and Hampshire were the chief spheres of his researches, and in these counties he made many interesting discoveries, which he was wont to chronicle in the pages of "The Phytologist." It is interesting to search the numbers of this botanical miscellany for the contributions of J. S. Mill. He seems to have been the first discoverer in Surrey of the beautiful American balsam, *Impatiens fulva*, which he found growing sparingly on the banks of the Wey near Guildford. At Guildford too, in the great chalk quarries, he found the historic woad, concerning which "Cæsar saith," in the quaint language of Gerard, "that all the Brittons do color themselves with woad, which giveth a blew color." Both these plants still flourish abundantly in the localities where Mill found them. The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the magnificent Royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*, which Mill tells us grew in some swamps near Dorking, "so as to form large and tall thickets visible at a great distance"; or of the very rare man-orchis, *Aceras anthropophora*, which he found "growing profusely on Colley and Buckland Hills and between Box Hill and Juniper Hill." When on a visit to the Isle of Wight, Mill noticed on the shore of Sandown Bay a single specimen of the purple spurge, the only record of this extraor-

dinarily scarce plant in the Island. The specimen is still preserved, the most interesting, alike for its rarity and on account of its finder, in the Bromfield collection of Island-plants. After the death of his wife at Avignon in 1859, Mill bought a cottage near to the place of her burial, and there he mainly resided during the remainder of his life. He found some consolation in his love of wildflowers, and busied himself in gathering together materials for a "Flora of Avignon." Only three days before his death he walked over fifteen miles in search of some rare species. His herbarium of British plants he bequeathed to the museum at Kew.

Passing from philosophers to poets, we should not unnaturally expect to find among the latter a larger number of individuals interested in our native flora. Our literature abounds in passages in which the praises of the countryside are sung. And yet, apparently, but few of our poets cared for the pursuit of herbalizing. There are many interesting allusions to wildflowers in the plays of Shakespeare, and in the poems of Milton, but they are more or less of a literary character. Neither Thomson, who in his "Seasons" revived the poetry of nature, nor Wordsworth, though he celebrated the Daisy and the Celandine and the Daffodil, nor Cowper, though he recognized the intimate charm of country life, nor Keble, in spite of his stanzas to the Snowdrop, can be regarded in any sense as field-botanists. There are, however, a few exceptions, among whom may be mentioned John Clare the peasant-poet of Northamptonshire, Thomas Gray, and George Crabbe, Matthew Arnold and Lord Tennyson.

There is no more pathetic figure in English literature than that of John Clare, of Helpstone, who passed the earlier portion of his life in abject

poverty, and the latter part in the prison-house of an asylum. But such happiness as at times was vouchsafed to him was due entirely to his love of nature, and especially of wildflowers. Of Tennyson's interest in things botanical it is unnecessary to speak. His poems contain numberless passages which illustrate his close acquaintance with our wayside flora. Now it is a "flower in the crannied wall"; now the "golden hour" of the dark yew, "when flower is feeling after flower"; now "the faint, sweet cuckoo-flower" or the "blue forget-me-not"; and now "the fruit which in our winter woodland looks a flower." What more striking description of an English wood in May, when the bluebells or wild hyacinths are a "paradise of blossom," than these lines in "Guinevere"?

sheets of hyacinth

That seem'd the heavens upbreking
thro' the earth!

Or we call to mind the exquisite spring picture in the "In Memoriam"—

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and
thick

By ashen roots the violets blow;

or the following lines which, in the same poem, reveal the poet's longing for the flowers of spring—

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou dost expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping—wells of fire.

But it is probably unknown to most readers of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" that the favorite study of the poet Gray, during the

last ten years of his life, was the study of natural history. After the manner of Gilbert White, who, unknown to the poet, was making similar observations at Selborne, Gray kept a calendar in which he noted the opening of flowers and the arrival of birds. Thus, on Feb. 12, 1763, crocuses and hepatica were blossoming through the snow in the garden of Pembroke College, Cambridge; on Feb. 21 the first white butterfly appeared; on March 5 he heard the thrush sing, and a few days later the skylark. In botany he took a special interest. He studied the subject in Hudson's "*Flora Anglica*," and in the "*Systema Naturæ*" of Linnæus. A copy of this latter work, the 10th edition, published in 1758, Gray had interleaved; and this volume, with voluminous notes, and beautifully illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, eventually came into the possession of Mr. Ruskin. On Ruskin's death this copy passed to Mrs. Arthur Severn, who presented it to Charles Eliot Norton. Mr. Norton showed his appreciation of the gift by publishing in America a little volume entitled "*The Poet Gray as a Naturalist*," in which he presents us with a selection of Gray's notes and with facsimiles of some of the pages. The notes, written in a small, clear handwriting, reveal the poet's accuracy and power of observation, while the sketches illustrate the excellence of his drawings, especially of birds and insects. This interleaved copy of Linnæus remains the chief memorial of Gray's occupation during the last few years of his life. Mr. Norton does not tell us what became of the poet's copy of Hudson's "*Flora*," the discovery of which would indeed be an interesting one.

So many are the allusions to wildflowers in Crabbe's poems that readers of "*The Borough*" and "*The Tales*" would naturally infer that the poet

must have been a botanist. And the conclusion is abundantly confirmed by what we learn from other sources. "From early life to his latest years," his son tells us in an interesting Memoir, "my father cultivated the study of botany with fond zeal, both in books and in the fields." While practising as an apothecary at Aldeburgh, and afterwards as a clergyman in Leicestershire and in Suffolk, George Crabbe found in botany his main recreation. Like his own "village priest" in "*Tales of the Hall*,"

He knew the plants in mountain, wood,
and mead;

. . . all that lived or moved
Were books to him; he studied them,
and loved.

It was his custom to copy into notebooks long passages from rare or expensive works on botany, "of which his situation could only permit him to obtain a temporary loan." Several of these notebooks have been happily preserved, and through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. John Murray I have had the rare pleasure and privilege of examining them. They consist for the most part of extracts, written in a singularly clear and beautiful hand, from botanical transactions, such as those of the Linnæan Society, and from such works as Curtis's "*Flora Londinensis*," together with observations on mosses, fungi, and ferns. One notebook contains no less than fifty pages relating to British Fungi, copied out, in the same exquisite handwriting, from Withering's "*Botany*"; another notebook deals with the sedges; and also includes long descriptions, taken from Withering, of British sea-weeds. Occasionally we meet with remarks on the medicinal virtues of plants, an aspect of botany which was doubtless of special interest to one who had practised as an apothecary.

At one time Crabbe contemplated writing an English treatise on botany. Indeed the work was virtually completed, when in consequence of the criticism of the Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who could not tolerate the idea of "degrading the science of botany by treating it in a modern language," Crabbe flung the manuscript into the fire. The poet often regretted this hasty action in after years, as otherwise he might have had the honor of being the recognized discoverer of more than one species of the British Flora. He would specially mention a rare clover which he found on the seashore at Aldeburgh, and which the distinguished botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, identified as *Trifolium suffocatum*, a species hitherto unknown in England. This particular specimen is now preserved in the Banks Herbarium in the British Museum. It would take up too much space to attempt to treat the botanical allusions to be found in Crabbe's Poems. It must be sufficient to say that those allusions are most frequent in the poems associated with Aldeburgh. A few summers ago I visited Aldeburgh for the express purpose of comparing its flora today with what it was when Crabbe wrote "The Borough." Almost all the poet's plants still remain. The Roman nettle is, however, gone; as is also the sea cotton-weed from the shingle beach between Slaughden Quay and Hollesley Bay. But the rare and interesting sea-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*) continues to flourish in abundance near Orford lighthouse, and the little sickle-medick in Dunwich churchyard.

Matthew Arnold doubtless inherited from his father the keen interest in wildflowers which increased with advancing years. Many of his poems abound in allusions to the simple species of the countryside; but the most noted, which illustrate alike

the scenes above Oxford and the wild plants to be found there, are "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis." These may be called the two great Oxford poems; and the pleasant country on the Berkshire side of the Thames, within a few miles of Oxford, will always be associated with Arnold's name. There he loved to wander on foot with Thyrsis, or some other congenial friend, through the two Hinkseys where "nothing keeps the same," along the track by Childsworth Farm, "past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns the hill," and where he "knew each field, each flower, each stick." As Tennyson liked to think of his lost companions as at least laid in English earth, beneath the clover sod, that takes the sunshine and the rain,

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land;

so with Matthew Arnold and the Scholar Gipsy. "Thou from the earth art gone long since," he cries,

and in some quiet churchyard
laid—

Some country-nook, where o'er thy
unknown grave

Tall grasses and white-flowering
nettles, wave,

Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's
shade.

How "he loved each simple joy the country yields," especially the "store of flowers"—"the frail-leaf'd, white anemone," "dark bluebells drenched with dews," the "purple orchises with spotted leaves," the "Cumnor cowslips," the "red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet"! And the "wide fields of breezy grass" above Godstow Bridge appealed to him, and "the wood which hides the daffodil," and the swamps where in May the fritillary blossomed! "I know," he cried.

I know what white, what purple fritillaries

The grassy harvest of the river-fields
Above by Eynsham, down by Band-
ford, yields,

And what sedged brooks are Thames's
tributaries.

Above all, perhaps, he loved the "lone, sky-pointing tree," "that lonely tree against the western sky."

Charles Kingsley was a poet as well as a parson and a novelist. He was also deeply interested in science, and once said that he would rather occupy a comparatively lowly place in the roll of science than a higher one in that of literature. To his love of natural history his lectures on geology delivered at Chester, his papers on the "wonders of the seashore" in "Glaucus," and on the "Charm of Birds" in "Prose Idylls," bear abundant evidence. But with him, as with Matthew Arnold, botany was the favorite recreation. As a schoolboy at Helston in Cornwall, under the influence and inspiration of the Rev. C. A. Johns, the author of the well-known "Flowers of the Field," Kingsley's taste, or rather passion, for botany was encouraged and developed; and ever afterwards, in his parish of Eversley, at Chester where he was a Canon, in his frequent holidays in Devonshire, the study of wildflowers was an absorbing recreation. How he delighted in the Flora of the moorland which constituted so large a portion of his parish! How could his life, he asks in his "Winter Garden," be monotonous, when there were so many wonders awaiting explanation? What, for instance,

makes *Erica Tetralix* grow in one soil, and the bracken in another? How did three species of club-moss—one of them quite an Alpine one, get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of grass? Why did the little mousetail, *Myosurus*

minus, which I had hunted for in vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for at least two hundred years a farmyard gateway?

Such botanical puzzles were to him a source of constant interest and pleasure. At Chester he established a botanical class, with a weekly ramble in search of wildflowers. At first, we are told, the class was watched from the city walls with some surprise and amusement; but before long the gathering became so large that a man who met them supposed them to be a congregation going to the opening of a Dissenting chapel in the country. When at length the desire of his life was gratified, and in company with his daughter he visited the tropics, readers of "At Last" will remember how he gloried in the amazing vegetation. And later, when he paid a visit to America, how the Californian flora appealed to him! "Flowers," he wrote home, "most lovely and wonderful. We are making a splendid collection. Rose and the local botanist got more than fifty new sorts one morning." Not many months after his return, Kingsley lay dying of pneumonia in Eversley Rectory. He was kept constantly, we are told, under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off hæmorrhage, but his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains, and of the beautiful things that he had there seen.

Among scholars of textual criticism no name stands higher than that of Prof. Hort, who, in conjunction with Dr. Westcott, brought out the famous edition of the Greek Testament. He may be taken as an illustration of that love of botany which not infrequently has been associated with the highest scholarship. As a boy at Rugby, perhaps owing to the in-

fluence of Dr. Arnold, he became much interested in wildflowers; and his school-diary contains a number of entries as to the finding of uncommon plants. At Cambridge he was fortunate in winning the friendship of Prof. C. C. Babington, with whom he would go for long botanical walks, and under whose guidance he worked diligently at the brambles and other difficult genera. After taking a First Class in the Classical Tripos of 1850, he entered the following year for the Natural Sciences Tripos, when he again won a First Class, with "distinction in botany." It was mostly his custom in after years to spend his holidays in Switzerland; and the tours were always arranged with reference to his favorite pursuit. In time, as the result of repeated Alpine expeditions, he collected a fine herbarium of Swiss plants; while his botanical contributions to Mr. John Ball's "Alpine Guides" were recognized as of the utmost value. Many of his excursions were taken in company with Mr. Ball, of which there are fascinating descriptions in several of his published letters.

On one occasion, to his intense delight, Hort found near Cogne the very rare *Astragalus alopecuroides*, a plant which had not been recorded in that district for over half a century, and "which alone was worth coming to Cogne for." One summer he stayed a fortnight on the top of the Stelvio Pass, and, when a friend expressed surprise that he and his wife could linger for so long in such an unattractive place, he replied with perfect simplicity, "Oh, but we have found fourteen new plants." During his last visit to Switzerland, undertaken in the hope that it might possibly restore his broken health, the Alpine flora was a constant solace and delight to him. He managed to travel as far as Saas-Fee, a favorite haunt of his; and, though too weak to walk far from

his hotel, he found a joy and interest in "the daily bouquet of Alpine flowers" which was brought to him. In the last letter which he wrote to his youngest daughter from Saas-Fee, he dwelt with admiration on the rare white *Geranium aconitifolium*, and "the exquisite blue Alpine Columbine, with flowers not so large as I have sometimes seen it, but large enough to satisfy any reasonable person."

As another illustration of an interest in wildflowers among distinguished scholars, the name of Prof. Cowell may be recalled. He was Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge, and the lifelong friend of Edward FitzGerald, to whom he introduced "Omar Khayyam." When Cowell was Principal of the Sanskrit College at Calcutta, he read with much interest a book by Prof. Balfour of Edinburgh, entitled "Botany and Religion"; and he resolved, would he ever return to England, to enter on the study of botany. Some years later the opportunity presented itself. Cowell found himself at Cambridge, as the first Professor of Sanskrit and Fellow of Corpus. His health was indifferent, and he was advised to take more regular exercise. His friends urged him to begin the study of wildflowers; and Prof. Babington offered himself as a companion in botanical rambles. Cowell, mindful of his Indian resolution, eagerly adopted the suggestion, and set himself to master the elements of the science. Exercise now became a delight to him. Indeed, so successful was the new pursuit that the walks, we are told, were not confined to Cambridge, but expeditions were made to neighboring counties; and holidays were thenceforward made invigorating and really refreshing in the ardent search for rare plants. In subsequent years Cowell succeeded in collecting a nearly complete flora of the county of Cambridge.

His letters reveal how keen was his interest in herbalizing, and how diligently he informed himself of the habitats of rare species. Now he is searching for *Cotoneaster* on the Great Orme's Head, its only locality in Great Britain. Now he is at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, seeking, but unsuccessfully, for the scarce and curious mousetail. Again he is delighted at finding near Shelford a fine patch of the marsh-helleborine. A copy of John Ray's "Flora of Cambridge-shire," published in 1660, the first county Flora ever produced, which he picked up on a secondhand book-stall, fills him with enthusiasm; and he is charmed when he discovers at Chesterton a quantity of the beautiful little moschatel growing on the very spot where Ray recorded it in the 17th century. When an old man, several years past seventy, he insisted, one hot July day, on walking many miles to see if a rare geranium still maintained its old position near the Red-cross turnpike.

That men of science should be interested in botany is more in accordance with the natural order of things. Indeed in former times herbalism and medicine were intimately associated together; and many of our early botanists were physicians. Dr. Turner, "the father of English botany," was a physician before he became a divine and Dean of Wells. So with most of the Continental herbalists of the 16th century. Leonard Fuchs, the author of the most splendid herbal ever published, was a physician; so was Dodoens, the Dutch

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herbalist; and L'Obel who was physician to William the Silent; and Mattioli, the great Italian botanist; and the two eminent brothers Jean and Gaspard Bauhin. In modern times the association no longer exists; but a notable illustration of a celebrated surgeon and man of science who found in wildflowers his recreation is seen in the life of Lord Lister, one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. During his career as a medical student, Lister made the acquaintance of Prof. Lindley, the distinguished botanist; and the friendship left a lasting influence on his life. Lister learned from him the love of wildflowers which gave him so keen a pleasure in after years. During his holidays in Switzerland and at home, he collected and carefully preserved the choicer species he met with; and his herbarium of Alpine plants became eventually a large and valuable one. It was not as a scientific botanist that he pursued his hobby, but as a simple lover of the beauty and interest of wildflowers. He found no distraction from the hours of hospital duties more gentle and effective, we are told, than that which the bright blossoms of the countryside afforded him.

Such are some of those who among our famous men of science and literature have found in wildflowers a recreation and a delight. The list might of course be considerably extended. But sufficient has been said to substantiate the statement with which we started, that others beside Dr. Arnold have found in wildflowers the music of their lives.

John Vaughan.

ALAN SEEGER: AMERICA'S SOLDIER POET.

The exquisite lines of Shelley's lament of Keats are inevitably brought to mind when reading of the death of

Alan Seeger. Barely twenty-eight when he was killed in France—killed in a quarrel which was only indirectly

his own—his death brings home to us, as did that of many other brave idealists, the waste and destruction of modern warfare. True, these men died for the only thing worth dying for, and that makes it easier for those of us that are left behind to carry on our citizenship at the high plane on which they have set their standard. But we must, of necessity, regret the loss of their bodily presence, though we have before us their example of how to work and live, and, greater than all, of how to die.

The work of Alan Seeger, published after his death (New York: Scribner and Sons), shows enough of accomplishment to make us realize that here we had a genuine poet. It contains, as Mr. William Archer says in his preface, "the record of a short life, into which was crowded far more of keen experience and high aspiration—of the thrill of sense, and the rapture of the soul—than it is given to most men, even of high vitality, to extract from a life of twice the length." But we do not feel, as we must to a great extent feel, with Keats, that he has given us the whole of himself, and that a longer life would only have added variations on the same themes. When we realize the work Seeger was doing with the Foreign Legion, and compare his poems, after active service, with the best of his earlier efforts, we are bound to admit that his experiences were profoundly altering his attitude towards life. The unromantic brutalities of modern warfare improved the quality of his verse, and it gained in an appeal to a race which has learned to know stern reality, rather than the picturesque and romantic side of art, a side to which Seeger's thoughts and inclinations before the war distinctly belonged.

To turn to the work itself. The selection given is his own, and includes all that he himself considered worthy

of publication. The volume opens with some early poems, labeled by their author, with becoming modesty, "Juvenilia." These are interesting, but naturally of very uneven merit. They have the fault, so common to most amateurs, of overworking some favorite word whose constant repetition is wearying to the reader. To take an instance, the word "mantling" is made to do duty too often, and the writer is prone to continually add "y" to a noun to form an adjective, such as "ferny," "woody," "leafy," a practice which is annoying if carried to excess. These faults, however, do not detract from the evident sincerity of the work and the real beauty of many passages. The following is a good example of his later efforts:

I know that there are those whose idle
tongues
Blaspheme the beauty of the world
that was
So wondrous and so worshipful to me.
I call them those that, in the palace
where
Down perfumed halls the Sleeping
Beauty lay,
Wandered without the secret or the key.
I know that there are those, of gentler
heart,
Broken by grief or by deception bowed,
Who in some realm beyond the grave
conceive
The bliss they found not here; but, as
for me,
In the soft fibres of the tender flesh
I saw potentialities of Joy
Ten thousand lifetimes could not use.
Dear Earth,
In this dark month when deep as
morning dew
On thy maternal breast shall fall the
blood
Of those that were thy loveliest and
thy best,
If it be fate that mine shall mix with
theirs,
Hear this my natural prayer, for,
purified
By that Lethean agony and clad

In more resplendent powers, I ask
 naught else
 Than reincarnate to retrace my path,
 Be born again of woman, walk once
 more
 Through Childhood's fragrant, flowery
 wonderland
 And, entered in the golden realm of
 Youth,
 Fare still a pilgrim toward the copious
 joys
 I savored here yet scarce began to sip;
 Yea, with the comrades that I loved
 so well
 Resume the banquet we had scarce
 begun
 When in the street we heard the
 clarion-call
 And each man sprang to arms—ay,
 even myself
 Who loved sweet Youth too truly not
 to share
 Its pain no less than its delight. If
 prayers
 Are to be prayed, lo, here is mine! Be
 this
 My resurrection, this my recompense!

One of the mainsprings of Seeger's
 life was a romantic love of the adventure
 "round the corner," a feeling that
 a little farther on the world must be
 more beautiful—a fallacy perhaps,
 but natural to all romanticists.

I have fared too far to turn back now;
 my breast
 Burns with the lust for splendors un-
 revealed,

he writes, thus admirably expressing
 what all the pioneers and adventurers
 have felt in the past, in their search
 for the "unknown."

Alan Seeger seemed to find something
 which satisfied him, at least for
 a time, in the vivid life of the Quartier
 Latin.

A law that's sane, a Love that's free,
 and men of every birth and blood
 Allied in one great brotherhood of
 Art and Joy and Poverty. . . .

He writes of Paris with immense
 enthusiasm, and made it his real home.

The happy inconsequence and careless
 good-nature of Parisian student life
 was evidently something he had not
 met with in the United States, and if
 he takes it a little too seriously, who
 can blame him? The man who can
 write so enthusiastically of a dance at
 "Bulliers" was evidently young and
 not morbid!

Lithe limbs relaxed, exalted eyes
 fastened on vacancy they seem
 To float upon the perfumed stream of
 some voluptuous Paradise

Or, rapt in some Arabian Night, to
 rock there, cradled and subdued
 In a luxurious lassitude of rhythm and
 sensual delight.

This is the sheer rejoicing of youth
 freed from all discipline.

The next section of the book contains
 a series of thirty sonnets, among
 which is to be found some of the poet's
 most beautiful expression. The son-
 net form is not an easy one, and taxes
 the ability of an accomplished technician.
 Seeger did not conform to the
 strict rules of rhyme which are laid
 down for the sonnet, and this we can
 only believe was lack of knowledge
 on his part and not design. As
 Charles Lamb said: "These are
 fourteen liners, not sonnets!" It is
 the more to be regretted for there is,
 in them all, that intense love of beauty
 without which poetry, or any form of
 art, cannot be created. Sincerity of
 feeling, coupled with the love of beauty,
 are two of the qualities essential to
 the creative artist. Take, for instance,
 this sonnet written in a book for the
 Comtesse de Noailles:

Be my companion under cool arcades
 That frame some drowsy street and
 dazzling square
 Beyond whose flowers and palm-tree
 promenades
 White belfries burn in the blue tropic
 air.

Lie near me in dim forests where the
 croon
 Of wood-doves sounds and moss-
 banked water flows,
 Or musing late till the midsummer
 moon
 Breaks through some ruined abbey's
 empty rose.
 Sweetest of those today whose pious
 hands
 Tend the sequestered altar of Romance,
 Where fewer offerings burn, and fewer
 kneel,
 Pour there your passionate beauty on
 my heart,
 And, gladdening such solitudes, impart
 How sweet the fellowship of those who
 feel!

With Alan Seeger we must believe, because of the sincerity of his background. The "white belfries in the blue tropic air" and the "cool arcades that frame some drowsy street" are obviously a recollection of his early years in Mexico, a land which still retains the picturesque romance it inherited from Spain.

With regard to his last poems, the poet felt the courage of his convictions. He believed and loved France, and felt that the French culture and temperament were in sympathy with his own.

On June 18th, 1915, he wrote to his mother: "You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect, not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but everyone should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other

women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier."

He resolved when war broke out to identify himself with the cause of the Allies. Romantic, high-spirited, and illogical, he was still a youth when he died.

"... I have always had the passion to play the biggest part within my reach, and it is really in a sense a supreme success to be allowed to play this. If I do not come out, I will share the good fortune of those who disappear at the pinnacle of their careers."

But though his name may be emblazoned in America as the name of Rupert Brooke is in England, the world has lost much by his untimely death. He had a clear vision of beauty, and sincerity of feeling, combined with a simple and direct observation. The experience of life in the trenches, given the requisite breathing space for reflection, would probably have resulted in poetry of the highest order. With something to say, an idealist and romanticist, with a classical fervor of expression, he was a poet and an artist. All those who value the gift of song will fold their hands and lament the death of Alan Seeger. His own words are his most befitting epitaph:

Be proud of these, have joy in this at
 least,
 And cry: "Now heaven be praised
 That in that hour that most imperiled
 her,
 Menaced her liberty who foremost
 raised
 Europe's bright flag of freedom, some
 there were
 Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,

Came back the generous path of
Lafayette;

And on those furthest rims of hallowed
ground

Where the forlorn, the gallant charge
expires,

When the slain bugler has long ceased
to sound,

The Poetry Review.

And on the tangled wires

The last wild rally staggers, crumbles,
stops,

Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron
showers:—

Now heaven be thanked, we gave a
few brave drops;

Now heaven be thanked, a few brave
drops were ours.

O.

EX VOTO.

It was not the spirit of thanksgiving, but the restlessness of nerves unstrung which first drew Philip Lysaght to the old church of Sainte-Ursule.

Yet if he had been a praying man, he might well have knelt there in wondering humility. Five times during the month that immediately preceded his stay in the village he had escaped death in action by what our forefathers would have deemed a miracle. That his health was suffering from these repeated shocks neither he nor anyone realized until after the last and worst, when it was found that the monstrous concussion of the shell which had spared him alone out of a dozen men had left him half-deaf, confused of speech, and shivering uncontrollably.

Angrily he tried to conceal these tell-tale symptoms, but in vain. An observant surgeon quickly discovered them, and after a short parley he found himself ordered not, as he had secretly hoped, to England—his case was apparently not sufficiently serious for that—but to a village some miles behind the fighting line.

There were several other officers at Sainte-Ursule when he arrived; lame ducks like himself, who had been sent there for rest, or to recover from some slight illness. Together they filled a table at the little inn, and their desultory conversation, though it could not

be called amusing, had at least the merit of keeping horrid memories at bay.

At first Lysaght clung almost shamefacedly to their company; he was too ill to wish for his own. But as he slowly recovered his nervous balance and the priceless power of sleep, he began to stray away from the friendly circle; going the length of the village street as a tentative experiment, then farther and farther afield.

The desire for solitude, once awakened, became imperious; the distraction of other men's voices less welcome. At length on a gray and still September afternoon he made his way for the first time to the parish church.

The village of Sainte-Ursule is old without being specially picturesque; in time of peace no tourist would dream of lingering there. But nowadays, and for eyes that have been seared by the desolation of the Somme front, its thatched cottages dotted among orchards, its homely cobbled streets, even the too pungent farmyard that you must needs pass on the way from the inn to the general shop, wear the nameless charm of immunity. The war has passed Sainte-Ursule by: it is unscathed. The enemy has never profaned it by his presence: even the kindly faces of English soldiers appear there but seldom. For it is set apart from the main roads of the district, and the tortuous lanes that lead to it

have a bad name among the drivers of transport wagons.

And so it lies like an island beyond the dark tide of war: far off the muffled voices of the guns give eerie intensity to its slumber. As the village, so is the church—a low building, whose Romanesque origin has been obscured by later and inferior work. The rugged porch over the south door, with its profusion of dog-tooth moulding, gives unfulfilled promise of grandeur within.

Long ago Lysaght had seen the soaring cathedral cliffs, the jeweled brightness of Chartres and Le Mans; perhaps he instinctively expected every aged French church to display some measure of these glories. But this little church could never have been strikingly beautiful; its proportions were imperfect, its lines somewhat confused; the remnants of ancient glass which it displayed lacked the authentic mediæval glow.

Yet the longer Lysaght remained, the more he perceived its charm. It had the distinction that is not immediately evident; the appeal which belongs to years and sanctity, and is never more arresting than when it dwells on marred and homely faces.

The young Englishman walked slowly round the church: save for a few village folk it was empty, and he judged that his light and cautious footsteps would not disturb these scattered worshippers. Then he entered a dim side chapel, and seating himself on a bench opposite the altar, leaned back to enjoy the silence which brooded there.

When he first arrived at Sainte-Ursule, the place seemed to him quiet enough in all conscience; but with every day he stayed there he craved a larger silence. The voices of children at play annoyed him; had he not feared to imperil the Entente he would gladly have slain the village

hens in their moments of noisy complacency.

Here at last behind the heavy leather doors of the little church he found what was more to him than food and shelter, hardly less precious than sleep. The deep tranquillity of the house of God enfolded him; he rested in its bosom like a storm-spent ship becalmed.

It was part of the trial of his convalescence that he could neither put away the thought of his return to danger, nor view it with his former equanimity. That effortless poise, that cheery indifference to the shadow of death, the fruits of perfect health and courage, had departed; he did not know whether he should ever recapture them. For the first time in his life he knew the fear of death—not as an assassin, its paralyzing grip upon his throat, but, as a distorted image of himself, a furtive, constant companion upon whose features he dared not look.

His youth rebelled as never before against the thought of extinction. In the light of the all too possible end, life that had always been fair in his eyes began to wear an almost unnatural beauty, as though the fiery sunsets of the declining year should shine upon the verdure and the promise of May.

But gradually, while he sat alone in the dark chapel that afternoon, the tormentor vanished, and he was able to taste the full blessedness of his release.

In front of him, near the altar rails, he was aware of a gaunt iron stand, from which jutted two curving branches furnished with sconces for the reception of votive lights. The thing was vacant but for one taper only, that stood a tall and comely sentinel, bearing an ample flame. Its rays faintly illumined the tiny apse of the chapel, and revealed in the obscurity above the altar a bracket which bore an upright figure, but

whether of monk or woman, of bronze or gleaming oak, Lysaght could not determine. For a few moments, staring upwards, it amused him to speculate upon the sex and virtues of the time-blackened image; then his gaze returned to the bright watcher below.

How radiant it was, how perfectly absorbed in its inscrutable devotion! It burned immovable as marble in the windless gloom of the chapel. Who would have believed that a creature so wayward and vacillating as flame, so impatient of human discipline, could subdue itself to such pure intensity of composure! In the aloofness of its placid brilliance it reminded Lysaght of a jewel. Yet unlike the stones that merchants covet this lovelier jewel had kinship with the soul of man; it too breathed and aspired; for ever and again he perceived a mysterious throbbing at its heart, a tremor too faint for passion, too transient to mar its ineffable repose.

The lowering autumn sky grew dark and darker while Lysaght sat fascinated, watching the taper whose glowing stillness lay like a charm upon his weary senses. The little sentinel seemed an image in miniature of beauty, security, contemplation—all that is not war. It might have been burning in another world than this, he thought; nothing at Sainte-Ursule had given him such a feeling of measureless distance from the campaign. Almost with amazement he contrasted that which it symbolized with the horrors he had witnessed. For the first time since he came to Sainte-Ursule he could afford to remember them: a sense of dream-like peace interposed between their sharp reality and his imagination. The dim chapel gave him sanctuary even for himself.

He began to wonder for what pious end the taper had been lighted, and by whom. He wished that some one would come into the chapel that he

might have a chance to inquire. His French was lame, but he had a little pocket dictionary in reserve. Or he could get O'Halloran, the young Irish subaltern at the inn, to question some likely-looking fellow Catholic after Mass. Whatever the object of this patient vigil, Lysaght hoped it would be attained.

Not that he felt for the human spirit that spoke by the offering any but a vague and general sympathy. He desired the satisfaction of its need, nothing more. He was not a practising Christian; he confessed no definite religious belief. Had he first learned the faith of Christ from childhood's most effectual missionary, a believing mother, he might not have lost the treasure which, looking back, he realized he had never fully possessed. But he had been an orphan from the age of five, and the religion of the kindly relatives who brought him up lacked that personal heat without which faith dwindles to merely emotional respectability. He shared it through his boyhood without guessing how little hold it had upon him.

But when he entered the University he underwent the gradual disillusionment that awaits all except those to whom faith is a vital necessity, to be fought for with sweat and tears. It was an almost painless process. He neither welcomed nor resisted the change, nor was it hastened by much reading and controversy. Lysaght was not markedly intellectual, but he was sensitive to mental atmosphere. The very air he breathed sufficed to kill the bloodless faith he had brought to Oxford.

He might have mourned its passing, the protest of the spirit might have been sharper if the flesh had been less docile. But his nature was fastidious and wholesome, and turned instinctively from crooked ways. And he missed his faith the less that his earthly

prospects were so bright. Lysaght was sole heir to a rich man; before him seemed to be unfolding the burdenless existence which English youth will surely know no more. He left Oxford to explore the world, and spent the next three years in leisurely travel.

The war broke out and caught him in its toils before he had known sorrow, or failure, or any of life's supreme experience.

Lysaght had no idea how long he and the taper had been keeping watch together when the swing door on the opposite side of the church opened, letting in a momentary strip of daylight, and a shabby middle-aged woman entered. He waited eagerly to see whether she would approach the chapel, prepared if she should look kindly at him to risk a discreet question in his best French. She crossed the church and came towards him; then, however, she turned at right angles up an aisle that led to the east end. Soon he could hear her in the sacristy behind the high altar moving chairs about and opening a window.

Clearly this was not, as he had fancied, the pious giver of the light, but some kind of ecclesiastical charwoman!

Yet, to his surprise, he was glad he had not had the chance of speaking to her. He was suddenly aware that he did not wish to be told the history of the taper; he would rather respect its secret, let it live out its little span in mystery. He wondered how many hours such things take to consume away, and whether he should find it still alight when he returned. Already he realized that it would draw him back on the morrow.

It was late next day before Lysaght had the chance to slip away to church unobserved by his friends at the inn. The glass was falling and the weather, which up till then had been fine and still, showed signs of

change. A light breeze had arisen, gently shaking the fruit off the laden apple-trees of Sainte-Ursule; it whispered outside the old church and sent from time to time a faint irregular draught through the little chapel.

As soon as he entered, Lysaght saw with satisfaction that the lonely taper was still alight, though it was plain to him that the watcher of yesterday had burnt out and been relieved in his absence by another and a taller one. But that a fresh taper had been lit in no way disturbed his sense of pious continuity. The glowing tip of the heavenward-pointing arrow was unchanged, its destination was the same, and the same, doubtless, the need of the stranger who aimed it. His fancy, however, dwelt less and less upon the human soul behind the offering; the pious hands that had dedicated it were easy to forget, since to him they were invisible.

Lysaght was more than ever content to ignore its sacred object. Whether it were in him an unsuspected vein of mysticism, or only the almost hypnotic influence of that peaceful glowing upon his troubled nerves, he was conscious of a mutual attraction, an affinity between himself and the flame.

Yesterday it had been wrapped in celestial stillness; today it responded faintly to the call of earth, for the draught that moved in the chapel shook it a little in passing. To Lysaght the watcher was as beautiful in its momentary wavering as in rest, and far more lovable. There was something almost of emotion, it seemed to him, in this alternating agitation and repose. He wished that he could with sincerity have lighted the candle himself, and that it were even now interceding for his safety.

That day the dread of death again lay heavy on him, and loathing for the trench life to which he must soon return; he would have given every

earthly prospect to know that he had been honorably released from further service. Love of country and adventure; the pride in being of those who have risked their all for liberty—all the complex moral support which hitherto had carried him so buoyantly through the war seemed to have failed him.

Lysaght was not specially reflective: even the grisly sights he had witnessed in action had not hitherto set him pondering ultimate problems. Life at the front had been too strenuous, too bristling with emergencies for that. But now in the penetrating silence of the little church that so subtly deepened his sense of personal isolation, the mystery of evil at last confronted him with all its power.

Yet its challenge was practical rather than speculative; he was called on not so much to explain as to endure the dreadful spectacle of human strife.

And with the challenge there dawned on him the wistful consciousness of a great need. For the first time in his life he craved to possess the faith that spoke by the taper.

Not that he desired entrance to the scarred and hoary fortress called Rome; but he longed to capture for himself the Christian's vital treasure, that belief in a living God of which the emblems about him were the poor earthly adornment. Nothing lower, nothing less, he felt, could now restore him.

Reason, abetted by the imp within us that delights to mock our heart's need, at once supplied him with an armory of familiar objections to a definite and organic faith. He heard them; he admitted their power; but this acquiescence could not satisfy his hunger, nor lull his sense of spiritual nakedness in the face of moral assault.

That afternoon, though there were several worshippers in the body of the church, Lysaght was again the only

occupant of the side chapel. But presently, while he wrestled with the tormentor that was not so much fear for his life as the dread of fear, a misery beyond the power of the flame to charm away, a stooping elderly peasant, who looked like a small farmer, approached the chapel. His faded eyes brightened for a moment with wonder, almost with pleasure, as soon as he discovered the young soldier. Yet the eyes that met his were observant rather than friendly, for Lysaght intuitively recognized in the old man the dedicator of the votive light. For a moment the new-comer seemed about to speak. Then, changing his mind, he knelt down against a little bench placed below the taper, whose soft beams shone on his long, grizzled hair, and the knotty hands that hid his face.

Furtively watching him, Lysaght saw that the whole man was absorbed in supplication, and that his heart was heavy. There was something passionate in his very immobility which spoke as clearly as words.

A thrill of answering sympathy and the desire not to wound him by remaining a cool spectator of his fervor moved Lysaght also to kneel down. But with that the impulse ended; he found no words to utter on his own behalf—not so much as a momentary petition for the old man. He did not even attempt one; the hinges of the door of prayer had rusted.

He experienced instead a sharp unreasonable pang of jealousy: it was as though the stranger had intruded between the taper and himself.

In this disconcerting mood he continued for a little while before its meaning dawned upon his imagination. Then the mysterious tie was suddenly revealed which bound him to the flame!

The longer he had borne it company in that haven of worship and silence, the more perfectly it had seemed to be

his own. But now he saw in a flash that this frail ardent thing was more—far more—than merely his possession.

"Not mine—but myself!"

Life, *his* life was immanent in this ethereal presence, neither spirit nor matter, that burned before his eyes. It was such a recognition as appeals from sober logic to higher, more discerning courts; had he wished to do so, Lysaght could not have argued the matter with himself.

This was no fancy, but vision!

And the taper was set for a sign by which he might foreknow his destiny. Should he leave it still burning when the time came for his return to the trenches, then he would survive the war, nor lack a man's courage, no matter through what perils.

Should it go out, or be extinguished . . .

But it would *not* go out! At that moment he was as sure of its persisting as of his own identity.

With awe he watched between his parted fingers the soft irregular pulsing of the flame. Surely it vibrated with almost human passion: he could fancy that the godward aspirations of his boyhood, discredited, atrophied as he believed long since, survived and spoke by this priestly *alter ego*.

In it, by it, even now he prayed!

Long he lingered in almost trance-like absorption, oblivious of the old man who still knelt before him: then went away with a lightened heart.

That night the wind became increasingly violent, but for some hours Lysaght slept too well to heed it. At length, about one o'clock, a fierce onslaught on his creaking shutters woke him with an unpleasant start. He sat up in the darkness, and his thoughts traveled at a bound to the votive taper.

How was it faring? Had it resisted that last assault? And if so, what of the next—and the next? However

much the protecting walls of the church might lessen their fury, the gusts in the chapel must be fierce enough to destroy it. He cursed himself for his weakness, but as he thought of the danger it ran he could feel the cold beads standing on his forehead.

"If it is blown out, I shall certainly be killed!"

It was easier to accuse himself of childish folly than to silence in the tumult of the autumn midnight a conviction that asked no support of probability, or common sense, or any of the other worthies who attend upon reason at noon!

If Lysaght had not known that the doors of both the inn and the church were fast, and shrunk from rousing comrades who would undoubtedly think him mad, he would have thrown on his clothes and hurried, even at that hour, to move the taper to some place of greater safety.

But the dread of betraying his mystic preoccupation was stronger even than his fears. Hour after hour he lay awake, trembling for the fragile life on which his own life hung, awaiting in an agony of suspense the end of each recurring lull.

At length, towards morning, the gale seemed to have spent itself, and as Lysaght listened to the swish of the falling rain he knew at least the relief of fatalism.

"If it's gone, it's gone! There's no use troubling any more," he thought, and supposed himself forearmed against the sight of a blinded candle.

But as he hurried before breakfast to the church, that he might know the worst at once, his terrors revived. His hands shook: he felt almost sick with anxiety as he entered the dripping porch and pushed open the swing door.

"Thank God!"

The exclamation was instinctive, for there across the dim intervening space

he saw the golden eye still glowed and watched for his coming.

So it was not to be! He was saved. He was to survive the war; Death had rejected him. The omen gave him a new and triumphant conviction of future safety.

Low Mass was in progress, but Lysaght forgot everything save the welcoming flame as he hurried to where it burned apart.

He fell on his knees before the little beacon that stood between him and shipwreck, and tears of nervous exhaustion rolled slowly down his face, wetting his trembling hands. He returned as soon as he felt sufficiently calm to the inn, and that day his friends thought they had never seen him so cheerful and full of humor.

Four more days of quiet walks and talks with O'Halloran and the rest, of secret communing with the taper, and Lysaght's time at Sainte-Ursule was over. He received orders to return to duty on the morrow. He was wonderfully restored both in mind and body; though he would have been glad to stay away longer, he felt able to resume the hourly strain of the trenches. The halcyon weather too which had succeeded the storm seemed in keeping with his placid mood, and helped to deepen it.

Lysaght would not too closely consider in those last precious days the nature of his serenity, or its dependence upon the taper. The ugly but inevitable word Superstition would have jarred upon his self-respect; he preferred to enjoy his Indian summer of well-being unquestioned. Strange remedies cure strange ills, he knew; and when he recalled his night of terror he viewed it almost impersonally, and without apprehension. The past was done with; he was well again, and could risk an occasional backward glance at that strange experience.

Meanwhile he still drew inexplicable comfort from the taper's continued shining. He had almost forgotten that it had relation to anyone besides himself; nor did the old man he had seen praying in the chapel again appear there to remind him.

Even the regular substitution of a new candle as often as its predecessor grew to an end no longer piqued his curiosity. But though his mind reflected the charmed quiet of the harvest fields among which he wandered, where in full beauty Summer lingered, shorn only of its fierceness, the anguish he had so lately experienced had left its mark on him. The desire for faith in a Divine Father of men grew less acutely painful during those last golden days at Sainte-Ursule. But it remained with him—a bitter-sweet persistent craving which now he would not for much treasure have foregone. In the very longing was mysterious satisfaction; if the sense of loneliness it gave him had died away, paradoxically he felt that he would have been more lonely still.

Was there in mere consciousness of lack, mere emptiness of spirit, any evidential value? Dared a man deduce from his power to imagine the bliss of such shelter, the existence of Everlasting Arms?

Again prudence warned him not yet to argue the matter with himself, lest he should confuse and harass his pure simplicity of desire. So he hugged it to himself, and let the pregnant silence of the flame speak for him.

After all, it seemed to him that he must be by nature a praying man, since the thought of this unuttered worship gave him such consolation. Surely the dumb aspiration thus vicariously presented must avail to beget in him, if not the supernatural grace of which Christians tell, at least a subjective blessing. Had he been

a more impulsive man, he could fancy that such wistful singleness of heart as his would have made bold to leap into the uncharted void and clasp the Unknown to itself. But Lysaght was as enterprising in action as in spiritual regions he was cautious and slow to adventure.

At half-past six in the dewy freshness of the day on which he was to leave Sainte-Ursule, he walked for the last time to the old church. He had packed and breakfasted; there was still a quiet hour before him.

Early though it was, Mass had been said, it seemed, earlier still, for he saw a few village folk leaving the church as he approached it.

Lysaght had no mind to be observed while he took his leave of the flame. He waited at the churchyard gate, and let the congregation disperse before he walked up the narrow path which led to the porch, and for the last time pushed open the leather door that hid the taper from him.

He entered unsuspectingly, his gaze seeking the chapel opposite; the door closed with a muffled thud behind him. Then he stopped abruptly, and a great darkness swam before his senses.

The taper was there still—but *it was dead!*

The shock of the discovery so completely overwhelmed Lysaght that his limbs failed under him; he dropped into the nearest seat and buried his face in his hands.

How had it died? And why? He must have certainty forthwith. He got on his feet, and walking unsteadily across the nave stopped beside a little wrinkled peasant woman who was telling her beads near the screen of the empty chapel. Perhaps he looked bewildered, for before he could accost her she rose from her knees and gazed up into his face.

"Eteint!" he said thickly, and pointed to the blind candle.

"Mais our, Monsieur!"

"A quelle heure?"

"Il y a une heure à peine."

"Pourquoi?"

"C'est que la fille de Monsieur Larousse vient de mourir cette nuit. C'est lui qui a fait allumer le cierge. Voilà trois mois qu'elle est malade, et que ça brûle. Maintenant il n'en veut plus. . . . Hélas, le pauvre homme! . . . Mais il est courageux . . . il se résigne. . . ."

Tears gathered in her eyes as she spoke.

No doubt she wondered why the young Englishman looked so strange, but she was too well-bred to question him in her turn.

Lysaght, for his part, said no more; he strode past her into the chapel, and remained gazing blankly upon the image of his fate.

To the outward eye he stood almost as motionless as the chill white stem which still seemed to await the clemency of the Saint; but within him was bitter disorder. The charmed stillness of his mind had been shattered at a blow; it was as though the flame had betrayed him.

Desperately he strove to master the tumult of foreboding that now overwhelmed him, to mock it away, to persuade himself that here was no omen, but the natural impulse of a stricken father. But not at will could he destroy the sense of mystic unity between the taper's being and his own which for days he had nursed. He had challenged the dark future, and thus it had answered him.

One thing was certain: he could not return defenseless to the valley of the shadow. He must repair this disaster, must lull by some new remedy the anguish that filled him. And the time was short. Himself to dedicate a taper for his own safety was impos-

sible to him: it would have been a clumsy, an all too hollow form. But might not some kindly soul—perhaps this poor old woman—of her charity undertake his cause?

Almost without his volition but with a thrill of relief, he found himself hurrying down the village street.

There was a bundle of ecclesiastical tapers in the window of the general shop from which Monsieur Larousse had doubtless drawn his supply. Lysaght had long since noticed them with satisfaction. At another time he would have been shy of buying any, but now extremity made him bold.

Five minutes later he was on his way back to the church, carrying in a parcel two of the largest tapers. With these she could begin her intercession, and he would leave with her money to purchase more. Hope mingled with his anxiety; for the moment his chief preoccupation was lest the old woman should have gone home. But she was there still, in the shadow cast by the same pillar, with the same shaft of dusty sunlight behind her. He came towards her with decent haste, and as he did so she looked up astonished.

Lysaght tried to speak, but his heart beat to suffocation, his poor French deserted him. He had turned very white.

"Qu'est-ce que Monsieur désire?" said the old peasant, coming towards him, and speaking gently, as though she knew he was in trouble.

"Anglais—pas parler Français bien—attendez, s'il vous plaît," he answered, and that he might obviate her curiosity and have a chance to compose himself and to find speech, he went again into the little sanctuary close by and knelt down where the poor father had knelt before him.

The old woman waited, watching him; but she did not attempt to follow. He was alone with the extinguished taper.

"Je vous prie, Madame. . . . Veuillez bien faire brûler . . ." he whispered to himself.

The words occurred to him slowly, leaving awkward gaps. But there was nothing strange in that. He had been too much shaken to think out easily a lucid expression of his wishes. What was strange was not to lack words, but to feel the impulse behind them grow weaker—die away!

Lysaght had supposed that he knew his own nature too well for it ever to take him by surprise, but now in the tense silence he heard it speak with him in a new tongue.

"You can't do this because you are not a believer! Give it up! Be a man!"

Strangest of all, he did not dispute the protest that clashed with his necessity, forbidding him even such ghostly armor as a taper could afford, but startled out of his misery listened for the voice to speak again.

And in those timeless moments of suspense the fierce desire to survive which had urged him to this expedient passed from him. He was conscious less of renunciation at the call of intellectual honor, than of achieved and unconditional surrender to some authority unknown. Desire remained—desire unutterable, such desire as consumes all lesser longings; but it was for the light in which mortality is transfigured.

Language halts on the threshold of the soul's vital mysteries; it can utter at best the end and not the means; the emerging leaf and bud, not the dim passion of the creative sap. So Lysaght could never have explained, even to himself, by what ineffable process that was wrought in him which alone could satisfy his need.

But as he knelt before the dead taper whose setting had left him in darkness, he knew that after a heavenly manner it had been rekindled. Only

now it burned within a secret wind-still chamber of his heart. A faint and tender beam, too newly lighted to illumine the gloom of this travailing world, yet not so faint but that it diffused quietness and humble fortitude.

He had not prayed for faith, not even for stoical acceptance of the veiled future; he was aware as yet of no intellectual re-birth, nor of hope renewed, nor of any sharply defined emotion; only of such heart's ease, unexpected, all but incredible, as stilled the clamor of the natural man, releasing him from every fear.

Could this be faith—this inner warmth; this happy, trembling confidence that reposed upon no unassailable sanction, but simply *was*?

"O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me!"

Again the voice sounded suddenly in his heart, clear and arresting as a distant bell.

Was it only dispassionate memory, recalling words that had long lost for him all personal content, or was it—

The Cornhill Magazine.

prayer; the sleep-waking cry of faith frost-bound within him, but undestroyed, and even now opening heavy eyelids to the spring?

Lysaght knew only that they uttered his inmost need, as for the first time in his life with wistful eagerness he repeated them again and again.

The church clock struck eight—it was high time for him to be going. But first he would leave his purchase with the kind old woman; a stranger's sympathy might give pleasure to her, perhaps even to the desolate father, and he himself could dispense with tapers of wax, for he was bearing away from Sainte-Ursule a light not lit with hands.

Lysaght stopped as he passed her on his way out, and interrupting the rosary, which in despair at his slowness she had resumed, bent down and put the tapers in her lap.

"Pour la fille de Monsieur Larousse," he said. *"Allumez—je vous prie—pour le repos de son âme."*

E. H. Lidderdale.

A DESPERATE HOPE.

In men's conceptions of God, theology is later than myth, and it has never been able to control myth with its logic. While the Philosopher tries to deduce all the logical implications from the postulate God, it is the common mind that clothes God with character, that makes Him real and alive, and often, in the process, makes Him undivine. The problem of the ages has been to conceive of a God who is both real and divine, who has both logic and life in Him; and because all through the ages logic has been sacrificed to life, or life to logic, there have always been men, since there has been theology, who refused to believe in a God at all. But often

this refusal of theirs, though it seems to them absolute, is really provisional. All actual conceptions of God are either futile in their own unreality or dangerous with the egotism of man. Therefore it is wisest not even to ask whether God exists. But men will not rest content with this provisional refusal; never will they despair of conceiving the real God and recognizing His reality in their conception; and in this book Mr. Wells makes the attempt once more.*

His God is not an explanation of things. "There has always been a demand upon the theological teacher,"

*"God the Invisible King." By H. G. Wells. Cassell. 6s. net.

he says, "that he should supply a cosmogony"; and in answer to that demand the unreal God is supplied, the Great First Cause. His God is not a Great First Cause. He insists that men, because they have thought of God as an explanation, have had a wrong conception of divinity. It has meant for them omnipotence, omniscience, infinity, the absolute, all mere theological abstractions. The real God must be freed from these and from the bondage of man's logic. He must be a person, finite, struggling, imperfect in all things except in intention. His divinity consists in His purity of intention, and in His immortality; and nothing distinguishes Him from other kinds of life except this immortality. In all other respects He, like the whole universe, is becoming. It is not merely creation that groaneth and travaileth; but also God Himself, who has not created it, who, though immortal, does not dwell in eternity, but in time and space and change. He is a part of the universe which groaneth and travaileth, that part of it which means well and only well. But He is not merely something not ourselves, or ourselves, that makes for righteousness. He is, Mr. Wells insists, a person and a righteous person, One whom we can admire and love, as we love and admire each other. Like us at our best, He means well, but, unlike us, He means always and purely well. Besides and behind this God, there is a "Veiled Being" whom we cannot know or love or admire, and of whom God Himself may know little more than we do. The origin of God, for He seems to have had an origin, is not known to Himself any more than to us. All we can know is that He is, that He is our captain; and that our duty is to make of the world a theocracy, so that we may be all at one in doing His will.

But we must be perfectly disinter-

ested in our desire to do His will. He does not promise to us, as individuals, eternal life. Indeed, belief in Mr. Wells's God is incompatible with belief in individual immortality, for His aim is the conquest of death, "first the overcoming of death in the individual by the incorporation of the motives of his life into an undying purpose, and then the defeat of that death that seems to threaten our species upon a cooling planet beneath a cooling sun." That is the aim of God and of man; that is why man is to be disinterested, and that is how he is to share the disinterestedness of God. Both are to aim at this overcoming of death for some future generation of men; and the virtues of man, as of God, are generated in this aim.

It is here that we become aware of the inadequacy of Mr. Wells's conception of God, and of man. We are reminded of the question which Morris asked about the Great Social Revolution—"As we turn away from the flagstaff where the new banner has been just run up; as we depart, our ears yet ringing with the blare of the heralds' trumpets that have proclaimed the new order of things, what shall we turn to then?" His answer is—Our daily labor, freed at last from the tyranny of the struggle for life. So, too, no doubt, Mr. Wells would say, that in the conquest of death man will achieve virtues, joys, faculties undreamed of; and these he will still experience and exercise when he has conquered death. Yes! but, according to Mr. Wells's conception of man and God, of the whole universe, all virtues, all joys, all faculties are evolved in this process of this conquest of death; it is a biological conception, and has the defect of all biological conceptions when they are applied to our values, that, for it, everything is provisional, everything is valued in terms of something else—namely, the conquest of

death, which is not a positive good, but the removal of an evil. Since all that is good is evolved in the effort to remove that evil, all good exists in relation to that evil; and what will become of the good when the evil is removed?

The mind of man can never be content with this provisional valuing of things; for it is passionately convinced that our values are not all thus provisional. When we love, we love things themselves and not their tendencies. Our interest in their tendencies is scientific and moral; but in love there is another quality, which must be also in the love of God, if God is to be real to us; and that is the quality which man expresses in his art. It is the essence of love that it is not provisional; if we discover it to be provisional it is no longer love for us. Love affirms passionately that it is for the object in itself; and art expresses this affirmation. Now it is interesting to find Mr. Wells, in this book, describing art as "an exploration of inherent human possibility"; as, in fact, a kind of science. But art is not a kind of science; the scientific element in it is only a means to its own end, which is the expression of man's values. Mr. Wells, when he is most an artist, is not even indirectly concerned with the conquest of death; he expresses values for men and women in themselves, and his art has for us a value in itself and not in the remotest relation to the conquest of death. This immediate value, this love, enters into all religion, is the essence of religion, which is indeed the affirmation of absolute values, and, when it becomes fully conscious, of the absolute value of God.

But Mr. Wells, aiming at a conscious religion, at the discovery of a real God, still thinks in terms of the struggle for life. His object is to harmonize that struggle with religion, to

explain the existence of God in terms of it. He would reconcile our values with the struggle for life by insisting that God Himself takes part in it, and that God is to be valued because He takes part in it. His virtue consists in the fact that He is trying to conquer death for us; and our virtue is the effort to conquer death, not for ourselves, but for some remote posterity. In that effort we do conquer death in so far that we cease to fear it; and, being thus freed from the fear of death, we attain to salvation. Morally perhaps this view is adequate. But man, at his best, is not a merely moral being; and he cannot be content with a God who is merely moral, as he is not content with men who are merely moral. Just as we love men for what they are and not only for what they are trying to do, so we must love God for what He is and not only for what He is trying to do. God, for those who are most intensely aware of Him, is an artist as well as a philanthropist; but Mr. Wells's God is only a philanthropist. He has but one function, namely, to conquer death for man, or perhaps for all life.

Those who believe in Mr. Wells's God will thus cut themselves off from some of the avenues by which men have actually and most intensely experienced God. For the sense of God has poured into men, not merely through their own efforts or the efforts of other men, but through the achieved beauty of the universe; and that beauty has been to them, not effort to be valued merely for what it is trying to be or to do, but the expression of a state of being beyond all effort. Because Mr. Wells makes a distinction between God and his "Veiled Being," he would distinguish this sense of the beauty of the universe from the sense of God. "God comes to us," he says, "neither out of the stars nor out of the pride of life, but as a still small

voice within." But to those who have been most aware of God He has come out of the stars and out of the lilies of the field, which are of the same order as the stars, being, like them, what we call nature. Nature, according to Mr. Wells, is an expression of the "Veiled Being," not of God; and so his God does not speak in the beauty of the earth and sky. He does not speak in beauty at all, which is merely a by-product of man's own mind. It is never the expression of a virtue that is not man's; for all nature is of the "Veiled Being," who, so far as we know, has no virtue, is in no respect of like nature with man.

On this point we can only repeat that Mr. Wells ignores the most intense religious experience of mankind, which is aware of God in nature as well as in the moral sense of mankind; and which, further, is aware of a kinship between beauty, truth, and righteousness, since it has an absolute value for all three and believes that that absolute value is for God. The religious mind does naturally and instinctively platonize; but Mr. Wells refuses to do so because, denying the immortality of the soul, he sees all life in terms of the struggle for life or for life eternal; and beauty has no connection with that struggle. It is, in fact, an unintelligible luxury in the life of man. But to the Platonist beauty affirms that life is not all provisional, that God expresses Himself in all things, and that man is capable here and now of the Beatific Vision; which is a vision, not of the philanthropic acts of God, but of God Himself, Who is to be loved as we love beauty, not for what He does merely, but for what He is.

According to the Christian doctrine, God and man have this in common, that they are immortal; according to Mr. Wells, they have everything in common except immortality. But the immortality of God seems, with him,

to be a mere postulate necessary to distinguish Him from man; and, just because He is otherwise so completely human, His immortality cuts Him off utterly from man. He is man, but of a different species, and with one great advantage over us which makes all His virtues unreal. Thus, when Mr. Wells comes to speak of the nature of God, he says, "Firstly, God is courage." But courage, as a human virtue, is the conquering of the fear of death. In an immortal God it is an unreal virtue, like the indifference of the rich man to money. But when Christianity says that God is love, it hits upon the one virtue that is not unreal in an immortal God, that can be shared by God and man. Mr. Wells is a little suspicious of the saying that God is love. Love may mean many things, he says. But in that saying it means one thing—namely, absolute value, which, for those who see all things in terms of the struggle for life, even for life eternal, does not exist. According to the Christian doctrine love is the one virtue common to God and man, because both God and man are capable of absolute values, being both immortal. But according to Mr. Wells, since God is the one immortal being in a universe otherwise entirely occupied with the struggle for life, there are really no virtues common to God and man; and all the virtues of man, such as his courage, are in God unreal.

So his God Himself remains unreal to us, and merely an arbitrary exception in a universe otherwise occupied with the struggle for life. For we are occupied with the struggle for life, even though it be for the eternal life of a remote posterity; and we value all things and all men, even God Himself, as they conduce to this eternal life. But in the very notion of God there is implied an absolute value, not for eternal life, but for God; and when

man affirms God, he affirms his absolute value for that which has absolute value. The concept of eternal life is empty without its content, which is absolute value, just as for Morris the social revolution was empty without its content, work for the joy of work. So when man asserts God here and now, he asserts absolute value here and now; he asserts a freedom from the struggle for life which man can attain to in absolute value even now, here, and in the flesh. His absolute values are for him an assurance of his immortality, since they are what he has in common with God. Because men can love like God, they are the sons of God, like God in their immortality, not like Him in all things except His immortality.

There is a logic in this theology which is lacking to the theology of Mr. Wells. But the great interest of his book consists in the reality and intensity of his effort to combine his own religious experience with a consistently biological conception of the universe. The effort fails, we think, but in its reality and intensity it reveals truth. For there is a truth in the biological conception of the universe which religion cannot ignore; and, when it ignores that truth, it becomes a barren game. Our virtues do arise out of the struggle for life; we know what love is from the love of a mother for her child; we know what fellowship is from men's co-operation in earning their living. The fugitive and cloistered virtue which escapes from the struggle for life is no virtue at all. God, whatever else He may be, is certainly not a connoisseur of beautiful souls; nor is He to be found by a search for Him which disregards men. The morality which Mr. Wells deduces from the worship of his God is a very fine morality; and the best part of his book is concerned with that morality, especially with

modern ideas of Sin. For since his God is a leader of men and His purposes are man's purposes, sin consists in thwarting His, and man's, purposes, and not in doing what He arbitrarily forbids. There is this great value in the biological conception of life, that it does see morality always in relation to some positive purpose and not as an expression of the fear of the unknown. It has freed morality from taboos and cruel mysteries; it has convinced us that virtue is not something arbitrary and unnatural.

But at the same time it has failed to find a firm basis for that disinterestedness which we know to be the essence of all virtue. Mr. Wells tells us that we are to forget ourselves in the conquest of death. He sees all our virtues in relation to that conquest; he sees God leading us on to it as our captain. But all this religion and morality of his are based upon a huge assumption, that his conquest of death is something that will inspire humanity, that the soul of man can be fed upon the provisional. The Christian inspiration is the love of man as he is, of God as He is. Christianity tells man to feed his soul on that, and through that to rise above the fear of death. Its cardinal virtue, Love, is in its origin a wild virtue, the natural love of a mother for her child, the natural fellowship of men engendered in the struggle for life. This love is both animal and spiritual; it is wisdom and passion; it is the harmony of impulse and will. Compared with it virtue, having for its aim the conquest of death, seems to be artificial, and too consciously willed. It takes too much thought for the morrow and not enough for actual people and things. It is the result of a desperate hope forced out of a conception of the universe in its essence despondent. And there is something desperate in the very virtue of Mr. Wells's God, because He is an

arbitrary exception to the general nature of things as Mr. Wells conceives it. He expresses a contradiction in Mr. Wells's mind, in the whole mind of the modern world, which cannot be permanent. This is the theology of The Times.

a transition; and for that reason it has an intense dramatic interest. The revolution has begun, but it is not, as Mr. Wells seems to think, ended, in his own mind or in any other.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS AND PICKWICK.

As most Dickensians know, *The Pickwick Papers* had many imitators and many were the plagiarisms with similar sounding titles using the names of the characters in Dickens's great masterpiece that poured out from the gutter-press of Grub Street. Most of these trashy productions died almost as soon as they saw the light of day, and are now almost unprocurable, except one which weathered the storm of time, not on account of its literary merit, but on account of its author, whose name in the early Victorian period was of some consequence to readers of serial literature and boys' books of adventure. This author's name was George William McArthur Reynolds, born in 1814 at Sandwich, in Kent, and therefore contemporary with Charles Dickens.

It is not necessary here to outline the early career of this prolific author. Suffice to say that it was during his editorship of the "Old Monthly Magazine," the magazine, by the way, which published Charles Dickens's first sketches, that he wrote *Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France*, which also appeared in monthly parts in a buff wrapper and was finally published in book form in 1839. The author of this work having spent his early manhood in France and consequently knowing French life thoroughly, conceived the idea of continuing the adventures of Samuel Pickwick and the rest of the Pickwickians in France. Indeed, one newspaper reviewing *Pick-*

wick Abroad, declared it to be "one of the most faithful pictures of French manners, peculiarities and customs ever presented to the English reader." The whole press at that time certainly was unanimous in its praise and not a few voted it as being a worthy successor to *The Pickwick Papers*, and the writer as being an admirable heir to Boz himself.

After its publication in book form, Reynolds never published any work without describing himself as "author of *Pickwick Abroad*, etc." and no wonder, for the press lauded this work to the skies almost as freely as they did its renowned predecessor. One went so far as to say, "In thus continuing a work begun by so deservedly popular an author as Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Reynolds undertook a task of unusual difficulty, and laid himself open to what—had he been less successful—would have been a very disadvantageous comparison. But it seems he had not over-estimated his capabilities, for in his *Pickwick Abroad*, we have the same brilliancy of coloring and the same force and depth of feeling which characterize the works of Mr. Dickens. Our opinion of this work has been subsequently confirmed by other reviewers, and by the more spontaneous admiration of thousands of readers who have enthusiastically recommended it from one to another." The reviewer goes on to say that "its sale amounted to upwards of twelve thousand copies"

and later on "its author received a premium of £800 for the work."

Pickwick Abroad was not the only plagiarism of Dickens that Reynolds attempted, but he was shrewd enough always to stick to "Pickwick" in one form or another. Like Cruikshank, he took a prominent part in the teetotal movement in its early days, and in 1840, started an eight-page weekly newspaper entitled "The Teetotaler," the original contributions to which were entirely written by its editor. In the first number, dated June 27, 1840, he began a series of five short dialogues entitled *Noctes Pickwickianæ*, in which he made all the principal Pickwickians and his other characters from his *Pickwick Abroad* turn teetotalers and in the number dated January 23d, 1841, began a serial entitled *Pickwick Married*, which appeared again in 1842, as one of the tales in the same author's *Master Timothy's Bookcase*, an imitation of Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*. "The Teetotaler" was continued weekly until September 25th, 1841, when the editor took his farewell of his readers through want of support.

Pickwick Married is too lengthy a tale to reprint in the pages of *The Dickensian*, but a brief outline of its plot may be of interest. Mr. Pickwick interferes on behalf of a lady who is falsely accused of being drunk in the street by a member of the "new police force," then in all the unpopularity of an innovation. Mr. Pickwick is arrested, but, after a night's imprisonment, convinces the magistrate of his innocence, and making the acquaintance of the young lady's family, proposes to her in a ball-room, and is duly accepted. There is apparent very little effort to imitate the style of Dickens in the story, and though the old familiar names of Weller, Snodgrass and Tupman reappear, these

characters are seen through a distinctly Reynoldsian medium. This treatment of a great author is a literary impertinence, and little more can be said of *Noctes Pickwickianæ*.

The height of impudence, however, was attained when, in the number of his journal for July 4th, 1840, the editor essays a criticism of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. He says:—

So long as Charles Dickens devoted himself to the description of characters solely humorous and laughable, he was unequalled; but the moment he took up his pen to compose pathos or sentimentality, he experienced a most dismal failure. His 'Sketches' are masterpieces of graphic delineations in the humorous strain: they evince a depth of observation which few of the many thousands who daily circulate through the myriads of veins of this mighty Babylon dare even pretend to possess, and his *Pickwick Papers*, although replete with contradictions and errors of all kinds, would alone confer the honors of immortality upon him. *Nicholas Nickleby* was a sad, disjointed, uneven, badly strung together kind of a book; but *Oliver Twist*, again, is an excellent tale. *Master Humphrey's Clock* is a most decided failure—at least in a literary point of view, for, as far as it regards a commercial one, it is sufficient to observe that the great popularity of the name of "Boz" would procure a sale for a new edition of "Jack the Giant Killer." The plan upon which *Master Humphrey's Clock* is built is bad, and the mere fact of introducing Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers once more into a tale manifests a barrenness of imagination, or else a claptrap view, which really surprises us. "Boz" is decidedly capable of better things than the samples we have now before us; for it is impossible that a mind which seemed but a year or two ago to be literally overflowing with imaginative powers and humorous conceptions, should have suddenly become impoverished to the extent

which is indicated by the hebdomadal contents of *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

The humor of this adverse criticism does not become fully evident until we remember that it was written by a man who traded on the popularity of The Dickensian.

Dickens in order to sell his inferior wares—the author not only of *Pickwick Abroad*, but of *Master Timothy's Bookcase*, neither of which could have existed but for the fame of Dickens himself.

W. Miller.

THE ETERNAL ATKINS.

War-hospital patients are of many sorts. It is a common mistake of the armchair newspaper devourer to lump all soldiers together as quaint, bibulous, aitch-dropping innocents, lamb-like and *gauche* in drawing-rooms, fierce and picturesque on the field, who (to judge by their published photographs) are continually on the grin and continually shaking hands either with each other or with equally grinsome French peasant women at cottage doors or with the local Mayor who congratulates them on the glorious V.C.'s which, of course, they are continually winning. In a war hospital that harbors many thousands of patients per annum, we should know in the long run, something about the characteristics of Tommy Atkins; and it is with resentment that I hear him thus classified as a mere type. He is not a type. Discipline and training have given him some veneer of generalized similarities. Beneath these, Tommy Atkins is simply the man in the street—any man in any street; and if you look out of your window in the city and see a throng of pedestrians upon the pavements, you might just as well say that because they are all civilians they are all alike as that because all soldiers wear khaki they are all alike.

I have a quarrel with the Press on the score of its persistent fostering of the notion that "our gallant lads" (as the sentimental scribe calls them) are a pack of children about whose

exploits an unfailing stream of semi-pathetic, semi-humorous anecdotes must be put forth. Even the old professional Army exhibited no dead level either of blackguards on the one hand or humble Galahads on the other. But whatever may have been the case before the war, all the Armies of Europe are now alike in this, that they are composed of civilians who merely happen to have adopted a certain garb for the performance of a certain job—and, be it remarked, a temporary job. That garb has not reduced the citizens who have the honor to wear it to a monotonous level either of intelligence or of conduct; nor even of opinions about the war itself. I have had fire-eaters in my ward who breathed the sentiments of *John Bull* and the *Evening News*, and I have had Pacifists (they seemed to have fought no less bravely) who, week by week, read and approved Mr. Snowden in the *Labor Leader*; I have had Radicals and Tories, and patients who cared for neither party, but whose passion was cage-birds or boxing or amateur photography; I have had patients who were sulky and patients who were bright, patients who were unlettered and patients who were educated, patients who could hardly express themselves without the use of an ensanguined vocabulary and patients who were gently spoken and fastidious. Each of them was Tommy Atkins—the inanely smirking hero of the

picture-paper and the funny paragraph. Neither his picture nor the paragraph may be positively a lie, and yet, when the armchair dweller chucklingly draws attention to them, I am tempted to relapse into irreverence and utter one or other (or perhaps both) of two phrases which T. Atkins is himself credited with using *ad nauseam*: "Na-poo," and "I don't think."

When I assert—as I do unhesitatingly assert—that no one could work in a war-hospital ward for any length of time without an ever-deepening respect and fondness for Tommy Atkins, it is the same thing as asserting that the respect and fondness are evoked by close contact with one's countrymen; nothing more nor less. A hospital ward is a haphazard selection of one's fellow-Britons—the most wildly haphazard it is possible to conceive. And the pessimistic cynic who, after a sojourn in that changing company for a month or two, can still either generalize about them, or (if he does) can still not acknowledge that in the mass they are amazingly lovable, is beyond hope. The war has taught its lessons to us all, and none more important than this. For myself, I confess that I never knew before how nice were nine out of ten of the individuals with whom I sat silent in trains, whom I glanced at in business offices or behind counters, whom I saw in workshops or in the field, or who were my neighbors in music-halls. They were strangers. In the years to come I hope they will be strangers no longer. For they and I have dressed alike, and borne the same surname—Atkins.

Of course there remain a few generalizations which *can* safely be risked about even so nondescript a person as the new Tommy Atkins. As practically all the Tommy Atkinses are, at this moment, concentrated on the

prosecution of one great job, it is natural that their main interests should revolve round that job. They all (for instance) want the job to be finished. They all (within my experience) want it to be finished well. They nearly all desire earnestly to cease soldiering as soon as the job is finished well. I never yet met the man (though he may exist, outside the brains of the scribes afore-mentioned), who, having tasted the joys of roughing it, is determined not to return to a humdrum desk in an office. On the contrary, that office and that humdrum desk have now become this traveled adventurer's most roseate dream. I have conversed with patients drawn from nearly every walk in life, and I do not remember one who definitely spoke of refusing to go back to his former work—if he could get it.

One of my patients had been a subterranean-lavatory attendant. You would have thought his ambitions—after visits to Egypt, Malta, the Dardanelles, and France—might have soared to loftier altitudes. He had survived hair-raising adventures; he had taken part in the making of history; although wounded, he had not been incapacitated for an active career in the future; and he was neither illiterate nor unintelligent. Yet he told me, with obvious satisfaction, that his place was being kept open for him. I was, as it were, invited to rejoice with him over the destiny which was his. I may add that the singular revelations which he imparted as to the opportunities for extra earnings in his troglodyte trade extorted from me a more enthusiastic sympathy than might be supposed possible.

That agreeable domestic pet, *homo sapiens*, remains unchanged even when you dress him up in a uniform and set him fighting. He is always consistently inconsistent; he is always both

reasonable and unreasonable. You can try to cast him in a mould, but he resumes his normal shapelessness the moment the mould is removed. Expose him to frightful ordeals of terror and pain, and he will emerge grumbling about some petty grievance or carrying on a flirtation with another man's wife, or squabbling about sectarian dogmas, or gambling on magazine competitions, or planning new business; in fact, behaving precisely as the natural lord of creation always does behave. No member of our hospital staff, I imagine, will ever forget the arrival of the first batch of exchanged British wounded prisoners. It was the most tragic scene I have ever witnessed. It is a fact, for which I make no apology, that tears were shed by some of those whose task it was to welcome that pitiful band of martyrs. We had received convoys of wounded many a time, but *these* broken creatures, so pale, so neglected, so thin, and so infinitely happy to be free once more, had a poignant appeal which must have melted the most rigid official. (And we are neither very official, here, nor very rigid.) Well, among these liberated captives was one who told a sad tale of starvation at his internment camp. There is little doubt that it was a true tale, in the main. On that I make no comment. I simply introduce you to this gentleman, who had been restored to his native land after ten months of entombment, in order to mention that on the following morning, when his breakfast was placed before him, he turned up his nose at it. Loudly complaining of the poorness of the food, he leaned out of bed, picked up a brown-paper parcel which had been his only luggage, and produced from it some German salted herring, which he proceeded to eat with grumbling gusto. That is not specially Tommy Atkins; it is *homo sapiens* of the hearthside,

whether in suburban villa or in slum, forever dissatisfied (more especially with his victuals), and forever evoking our affection all the same.

No; Tommy Atkins is never twice alike. He is unanimous on few debatable matters. One of them, as I have said, is the desirability of finishing the war—in the proper way. (But even here there are differences as to what constitutes the proper way.) Another is (I trust I shall shock the reader) the extreme displeasingness of life at the front. I would not say that our hospital patients are positively thankful to be wounded, or that they do not wish to recover with reasonable rapidity. But that they are glad to be safe in England once more is undeniable. The more honor to them that few, if any, flinch from returning to duty—when they know only too well what that duty consists of. But they make no bones about their opinion. Not long ago I was the conductor of a party of convalescents who went to a special matinee of a military drama. The theatre was entirely filled with wounded soldiers from hospitals, *plus* a few nurses and orderlies. It was an inspiring sight. The drama went well, and its patriotic touches received their due meed of applause. But when the heroine, in a moving passage, declared that she had never met a wounded British soldier who was not eager to get back to the front, there arose, in an instant, a spontaneous shout of laughter from the whole audience. That was Tommy Atkins unanimous for once. He was unanimous, too, I should add, in perceiving immediately that the actress had been disconcerted by his roar of amusement. The poor girl's emotional speech had been ruined. She looked blank, and stood irresolute. At once a burst of hand-clapping took the place of the laughter. It was not ironical, it was friendly and apologetic.

"Go ahead!" it said. "We're sorry. Those lines aren't your fault, anyway. You spoke them very prettily, and it was a shame to laugh. But the ass of a playwright hadn't been in the trenches, and if your usual audiences relish that kind of speech, they haven't been there either."

So much for Tommy Atkins in his unanimous mood—unanimously condemning cant and at the same time unanimously courteous. Now that I come to reflect, I believe that, in his best moments, these are perhaps the only two points concerning which Tommy Atkins is unanimous. Whether he lives up to them or not (and to expect him unflinchingly to live up to them in season and out of season is about as sensible as to expect him perpetually to live up to the photographs and anecdotes), we may take them as his ideal. He dislikes humbug; he tries to be polite. Could one sketch a sounder scaffolding on which to build all the odd divergencies—crankiness and heroisms, *the Spectator*.

pidities and engagingnesses—which may go to make the edifice of an average decent soul's material, mental, and spiritual habitation?

Postscript.—An expert—one of England's greatest experts—who has read the above tells me that I have not done justice to the old professional Army men of Mons and the Aisne. When wounded and in our hospital they *did* want to go back to fight. But their sole reason, given with frankness, was that they considered they were needed; the new Army, in training, was not ready; it would be murder to send the new Army out, unprepared, to such an ordeal. This authority, who has interviewed many thousands of convalescents, further remarked: "The wounded man who has been under shell-fire and who professes to be eager to go back, whether ordered or no, is a liar. On the other hand, the serimshankers who try to get out of going back, when they should go back, are an amazingly small minority."

Ward Muir.

A SHORT WAY WITH SUBMARINES.

"A short way with submarines?" said Bill; "oh, yes, we've got one all right; but," he added regretfully, "I don't know as I'm at liberty to tell you. Wot I'm thinkin' about is this 'ere Defense o' the Realm Act—see? Why, there was a feller I knew got ten days' cells for just tellin' a young woman where 'er sweet'art's ship was."

It was the last day of Bill's "leaf," of which he had spent the greater part warding off the attacks of old acquaintances bent upon finding out something interesting about the Navy. Of course during his absence Bill had written home regularly, but his letters had been models of discretion and confined to matters of the strictest personal

interest. Since his return quite a number of temporary coldnesses had arisen as a result of his obstinate reticence, and the retired station-master, after several attacks both in front and flank had ignominiously failed, flew into a rage and said he didn't believe there was any Navy left to tell about, the Germans having sunk it all at the Battle of Jutland.

Bill said they might 'ave done, he really didn't know, not to be certain.

But now, with his bundle handkerchief beside him, just having another drink on his way to the station, Bill really seemed to be relenting a little. The customers of the "Malt House" all leaned forward attentively to listen.

"It's all among friends, Bill," said the landlord encouragingly, "it won't go no further, you can rest easy about that."

"I've 'eard tell as it's this 'ere Mr. Macaroni," began the baker, who took in a twopenny paper every day, and gave himself well-informed airs in consequence.

"If you'd ever been properly eddicated," said Bill, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, "you'd know as the best discoveries 'ave been made by haccident, same as when the feller invented the steam-engine along of an apple tumblin' on 'is 'ead. That's 'ow it is with this 'ere submarine business, an' no macaroni about it an' no cheese neither.

"Sailormen gets a deal o' presents sent 'em nowadays, rangin' from wrist-watches an' cottage-pianners to woolly 'ug-me-tights in double sennit. But the best present we ever 'ad—well, I'll tell you.

"An old lady as was aunt or god-mother or something o' the sort to our Navigatin' Lootenant sent him a present of an extra large tin of peppermint 'umbugs. Real 'ot uns, they was, and big—well, I believe you! I've 'ad a deal o' peppermints in my time, but this 'ere consignment from the Navigator's great-aunt fairly put the lid on. You'd ha' thought all 'ands was requirin' dental treatment the day the Navigator shared 'em out, an' when the steersman come off duty, 'e give the course to the feller relievin' the wheel as if 'e'd got an 'ot potato in 'is mouth.

"Well, the peppermints was in full blast an' the ship smellin' like a bloom-in' sweet factory when the lookout reported a submarine on our port bow. O' course we was all cleared for haction, an' beginnin' to feel our Iron Crosses burnin' 'oles in our jumpers, when we begun to see as there was something funny about 'er.

Punch.

"Naturally we was lookin' for 'er to submerge—but not she! There she sat, waitin' for us, an' all 'er crew was pushin' an' fightin' to get their 'eads out of 'er conning tower. We was right on top of 'er in two twos, and all as we 'ad to do was to pick up the officers and crew as if they was a lot o' wasps as 'ad been drinkin' beer, an' tow the submarine—which was in fust-rate goin' order, not a month out o' Kiel dockyard—'ome to a port as I'm not at liberty to mention."

"But 'ow?" began the baker.

"I thought as I'd made it middlin' plain," said Bill severely, "but seein' as some folks wants winders lettin' into their 'eads I suppose I'd better make it plainer. I daresay you've 'eard as they're very short o' sweet-stuff in Germany."

"I 'ave," said the baker triumphantly, "I read it in my paper."

"Well," said Bill, "there was a wind settin' good and strong from us towards the submarine, an' when one of 'em as 'appened to be takin' the air at the time got a sniff of us 'e just couldn't leave off sniffin'. Then 'e passed the word down to the others, an' the hodor of the peppermints was that powerful it knocked 'em all of a 'eap, the same as food on an empty stummick. See? That's the real reason o' the sugar shortage. There's 'arf-a-dozen factories workin' night an' day on Admiralty contracts, turnin' out nothin' at all only peppermint 'umbugs.

"Simple, ain't it?" Bill concluded, as he paid for his beer and reached for his bundle. "Anyway, it does as well as anything else to tell a lot o' folks as can't let a decent sailorman spend 'is bit o' leaf in peace an' quietness without tryin' to get to know what 'e's got no business to tell 'em nor them to find out."

GAZA.

(From a Correspondent with the Army in Egypt.)

It is amusing for us who have been in the advance from El Arish to read in some of the picturesque chronicles of the day how the Wadi Ghuzzeh, the river of Gaza, "that just divides the Desert from the Sown," is the true geographical boundary between Egypt and Syria, marking where vegetation begins. Rafa, it appears, is but a political milestone set in the sands, and it was only at Gaza that our army entered the Land of Promise. We who have read our Bibles and who have tramped the fifty miles from the Wadi El Arish to the Wadi Ghuzzeh know otherwise. Of old for the Children of Israel the inhospitable desert ended at the river of Egypt, the Wadi El Arish; and for the last three months we have appreciated and enjoyed each successive stage from the barren sand to the green loveliness of the Philistine—and Turkish—stronghold. We have passed through the promise of Bourj (reminiscent of some Crusader's castle) to the fulfilment of Sheik Zoweid, and thence along rolling downs and waving meadows to Rafa, now famous not only as the scene of Sir Philip Chetwode's dashing raid, but as the site of a March race-meeting, brilliant as any gathering on Ascot's heath.

And after we passed that boundary stone at Rafa not a sign of the desert remained, save the broad sand dunes which fringe the sea. At our next halting place of Khan Yunie, whence, according to tradition, Samson took Delilah to wife, we imagined ourselves in one of the home counties. Our camps lay in orchards and parks surrounded by cactus hedges, and we could pluck fruit and nuts off the trees around our bivouacs. Leaving that belt of fruitfulness, the descent to the Wadi Ghuzzeh through barley

fields was almost a relapse to a commonplace greenness.

It is amusing also to read in another commentary on the first attack on Gaza that "the district through which the advance from Rafa had to be made is quite waterless; every drop of water for men and animals had to be brought up in pipes." We, and the horses and camels with us, would have been somewhat parched if we had had to depend on the pipes, but in fact there is abundant water all along the track. It only requires to be "developed"; and, though it may seem curious to the home expert, the army is provided with field companies of engineers for that purpose. Since we left Arish we have been put "on the country" in a new sense, and scarce a drop of water for men and animals has come by pipe. The difficulty arises only in distributing the water from the wells during the actual engagements.

Gaza at a distance looks like a smaller Damascus; a girdle of trees is spread around for two or three miles, and the town nestles amid the verdure, save the big mosque which dominates the wooded heights. To the south-east rises the natural fortress of Ali Muntar (the Watch Tower), which from time immemorial has made the town hard to capture. In former ages it must have been girt with solid walls; now it is a labyrinth of trenches and redoubts. But when the guns and snipers are at rest the vista over the gentle, undulating hills and the corn-fields and olive groves and fruit gardens is of idyllic peace. War loses half its evil in the East because it is so free from ugliness.

Gaza, whose Hebrew name means "The Strong" has many a time caused

a check in the invaders' progress. For centuries it was a center of struggle between the Philistines and the Hebrews; and even Alexander the Great, who conquered the whole of the East in a few years, had to lay regular siege to it. A thousand years later Omar, the Arab conqueror, found it a greater stumbling-block than even Jerusalem itself; and Saladin had to make his greatest efforts before he wrested it from the Crusaders, who had established there one of the chief fortresses of the Latin kingdom. The Tartar hordes razed its walls and citadel, but Gaza remains a place of great strength and strategic importance. Here a ridge runs across the coastal plain to the Shefelah, the range of low-lying hills that front the rugged backbone of the Judean hills, and the army that has passed it may sweep along the Valley of Sharon till it reaches Haifa and Acre, and the great plain of Esdraelon, the main artery between Egypt and Syria.

Gaza in peaceful times is the center of a fertile agricultural district and a busy Bedouin mart. It has a population of some 35,000 souls, coming next to Jerusalem and Jaffa in the number of its inhabitants. Its trading importance is marked by the presence of some 600 Greeks and a British consular agent and a branch of the Jewish Palestine Bank, the Anglo-Palestine Company. Before the war the roadstead was visited by the smaller steamships of the Austrian-Lloyd and the Khedivieh lines for the corn

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traffic, although there was no regular port of call for passengers. In the way of buildings and monuments the place has not much to boast. Naturally the spot where Samson carried off the gates, and the place where he was buried, have been identified, and there are ruins of the old citadel. The Church Missionary Society had a school and hospital, and an enterprising German settler had erected a steam-mill (doubtless sheltering emplacements for guns). Otherwise modern ideas and methods have made little inroad, and the bazaars are hidden in narrow, tortuous lanes, characteristic of a small city and market town. They were the meeting place of the caravans that passed between Syria and Egypt, and the Bedouin of the Sinai Peninsula had their chief markets here. Gaza was to Sinai as Damascus is to Syria.

As the first big railway station in Palestine of the trunk line from Africa to Asia, Gaza would enjoy a new importance. The fruitfulness of the country would be increased manifold when scientific methods and machinery are brought to the aid of nature and the neglect and mischief of man are no longer allowed to frustrate the bounty of God. And among the places where civilization will spring up anew, Gaza, which has been celebrated under the rule of Philistines and Hebrews, Persians, and Hellenistic Greeks, Romans and Byzantines, Saracens and Crusaders, will surely be counted one of the new-old cities of the East.

FOOD AT THE FRONT.

BY "AN IRISH OFFICER AT THE FRONT."

[The late Major Willie Redmond was a frequent contributor to our columns of articles reflecting some phase of life in the battle zone which appeared as by

"An Irish Officer at the Front." Shortly before the battle of Messines the following article was received from Major Redmond.—The London Chronicle.]

In these days when so much is being heard as to the absolute necessity for "rationing" the nation it may be of interest to consider the question of food in relation to the Army in the field.

Most people will agree that wherever a shortage is to be experienced the Army is the very last place where it should be felt. The fighting men must certainly be the first care of everyone. That they should have supplies freely and regularly is the first essential of the whole food question. People at home not engaged in very trying occupations may be able to get along on "short commons," but men in the hard circumstances of life at the front cannot. Unless the Army is well fed it cannot—with all the will in the world—fight and endure the rigors of active service.

Many of the recently captured German prisoners were men suffering from hunger. They fought hard, as our casualties show, but hunger will tell on the best of soldiers. It is, and should be, the first duty of every patriotic person to take all care that hunger shall never tell upon our Army in the field.

So far the supply of food for the troops has been one of the marvels of the war. The way in which quantities of good food have been provided, and the way in which it is regularly passed along from the bases to the very front line, is all a triumph of organization which is hardly realized sufficiently at home. It may be that, in the natural attention which is concentrated on the men who actually storm along and drive the enemy before them, the work of the Army Service Corps is not adequately recognized. And yet the day and night devotion of the men of that branch of the Army merits enormous praise. The British Expeditionary Force has never been left wanting in supplies. Be the advance slow or

rapid, it has not mattered—the supplies are always there.

This involves an amount of never-ending, methodical work of the most arduous description. It involves the construction of long new lines of railways and the erection of hundreds, thousands even, of stores. To follow the Army's rations from the factory and slaughterhouse to the "dump" behind the front lines is to follow a long trail of organization and skilful management which is beyond all praise.

And it should be well remembered that all the handling of the enormous supplies of food and stores has to be undertaken by troops. From the unloading of the vessel to the pushing of the trolley up to the line the work has all to be done by soldiers. It happens sometimes in war that local civilian labor is available for Army transport work. In this war on the West Front at least no such labor is available. Labor has gone in France to the Army, and only the very old are left, and hence it is the enormous work in connection with the import and distribution of Army supplies has to be undertaken by our troops. This fact is not sufficiently appreciated at home. It is not only in the line, but all through from the line to the sea literally everything has to be done by the Expeditionary Force.

A little reflection upon what all this means may enable people to understand the need there is for men and more men in order that the enormous machinery necessary for the maintenance of an army in the field should never be allowed to slow down or come to a standstill. So far the supply machinery for the Expeditionary Force has been wonderfully successful. The food ration itself has been both wholesome and plentiful. A look at the men is enough to prove this. The Army is a healthy army, and the faces

of the men show it. If everyone at home who may feel a passing grievance at having to forego some luxury or accustomed article of food would only concentrate a little thought on the man in the trench it would soon scatter all sense of grievance!

Remember, if there is in the home lands comparative plenty and security it is solely and entirely due to the mud-stained, rugged soldier who holds the line. The country depends on him to defend the line, and he depends on the country to sustain him while he does so. The man in the trench cannot leave his post for anything. He depends on his comrades to bring him his necessary food each day. His comrades in their turn depend upon the people at home, and it is "up" to every man, woman, and child at home to see that the men in the line shall never be disappointed at the hour each evening when the "Ration Party" arrives.

It may be of interest to follow the rations of a battalion from the railroad to the trench. At the nearest station the quartermaster of the battalion attends with the transport officer. From the train the goods are taken and transported in wagons to the quartermaster's stores. Here they are apportioned out between the companies and taken charge of by the company quartermaster-sergeants. Each evening the transport officer, accompanied often by the quartermaster, sets out, and, with the transport wagons, wends his way with the food to the "dump" near the trenches occupied by the battalion.

This journey is often hazardous and trying, and often has to be undertaken under heavy shell fire, and many a gallant fellow has lost his life in bringing the supplies to his comrades in the trenches. From the "dump" near the line the ration parties from the battalion every night draw the

rations and carry them up to the very front. With the rations come the letters and parcels and papers, so that the arrival of the ration party is the one great event in the day looked forward to in the trenches by the officers and men alike.

The last stage of the journey of the supplies is often long and toilsome. The men carry everything on their shoulders,—that most useful of all things at the front, the sandbag, being used for the purpose as a rule. In wet and heavy weather the conveying of the food to the line is a wearisome and trying business and very often extremely difficult. Generally the food is cooked in a trench some way back from the front and carried up to the firing line in as warm a state as possible.

As to the cooking, it varies naturally. In some battalions blessed with good cooks and enterprising quartermasters the food is well prepared and appetizing; though, indeed, in the ordinary run of things it is difficult to offer the men much variety. However, the open air and the constant exercise combine to whet the appetite, and plain as it may be the food is good, and the men, goodness knows, are ready enough for it.

To visit a trench at meal-time is an experience. Where they can and how they can the men take their food. On the fire step, in the dug-out, standing, sitting or lounging against the parapet these brave fellows have their frugal meal. The guns are thundering, the shells may burst right in the trench at any moment. Dinner-time for the men in the line is no time of ease or relaxation. And yet it is marvelous what high spirits prevail! As though they recognized that the best possible is being done for them, the troops make the best of everything and accept with appreciation every little extra effort made for their comfort.

And this brings the writer to make

the suggestion that there should be no falling off in the stream of comforts sent from home to the men abroad. The parcel, however little it may contain, is welcome, not so much for what it is as for the evidence which it contains of kindly thought at home. A letter, a postcard, even an old paper from home is of infinite comfort and encouragement to the man in the line. Anything at all to let him see that if he is sacrificing much for others those others at least remember him. Nothing is so galling to the soldier as the bare idea that he is forgotten at home. Let such an idea never have a real foundation even in a single case.

The writer has seen the eagerness
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with which the coming of the post is awaited, and has noted the disappointment of those who seldom receive a letter. Write then to the man at the front, and above all let him know that whatever economy or privation has to be endured at home, at least all people there will take good care that no ration party shall ever toil at night up to the front line empty-handed!

That must never, never happen. Whoever may have to go short the ration party must always have a full load. That is the very least due to the brave defenders of the line which separates all we hold dear from the advance of German military despotism.

W.

TRIVIA.

GREEN IVORY.

What a bore it is, waking up in the morning always the same person! I wish I were unflinching and emphatic, and had big bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age. I wish I were a deep Thinker or a great Ventriloquist.

I should like to be refined-looking and melancholy, the victim of a hopeless Passion—to love in the old stilted way, with impossible adoration and despair under the pale-faced Moon.

I wish I could get up; I wish I were the world's greatest Violinist. I wish I had lots of silver and first editions and green ivory.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY.

It is pleasant to saunter out in the morning sun and idle along the summer streets with no purpose.

But is it Right?

I am not really bothered by these Questions—the old, threadbare puzzles of Ethics and Philosophy, that lurk around the London corners to waylay me. I have got used to them; and

the most formidable of all, the biggest bug of Metaphysics, the Problem which nonpluses the wisest heads on this Planet, has become quite a familiar companion of mine. What is Reality? I ask myself almost daily: how does the External World exist, materialized in mid-air, apart from my perceptions? This show of streets and skies, of policemen and perambulators and hard pavements, is it a mere vision, a figment of the Mind, or does it remain there, permanent and imposing, when I stop thinking about it?

Often, as I saunter along Piccadilly or Bond Street, middle-aged and not unhappy, I please myself with the Berkeleian notion that Matter has no existence, that this so solid-seeming World is all idea, all appearance—that I am carried soft through space inside an immense Thought-bubble, a floating, impalpable, diaphanous, opal-tinted Dream.

PROPERTY.

I should be very reluctant to think that there was anything fishy or

fraudulent about the venerable institution of Private Property. It is endorsed by society, defended by the Church, maintained by the Law, and the slightest tampering with it is severely punished by bewigged Judges. Oh, certainly it must be all right; and one of these days I will get some one to explain to me quite clearly why—in return for what unguessed service—the world keeps on putting adequate sums of its currency into my pocket. As I say, it must be all right; I have a feeling that it is all right. And, anyhow, if those middle-aged and elderly men—ratepayers I suppose they are, and fathers of families—who sit all day behind bank-counters, choose to hand me out sovereigns in little shovels, is it for me, I ask you, to question or make a fuss about the proceedings of these highly respectable persons?

THE SPRINGS OF ACTION.

"What am I? What is Man?"

I had looked into a number of books for an answer to this not uninteresting question, before I came on Jeremy Bentham's simple and satisfactory explanation: Man is a mechanism moved by just so many Springs of Action. These Springs or Motives he enumerates in an elaborate table, and glancing over them this morning before getting up, I began with *Charity, All-Embracing Benevolence, Love of Knowledge, Laudable Ambition, Godly Zeal*. Then I waited, but there was no sound nor buzz of any wheel beginning to move in my inner mechanism. But, looking again at the table, I saw *Arrogance, Ostentation, Vainglory, Abomination, Rage, Fury, Revenge*, and I was about to leap automatically from my bed in a paroxysm of passion, when fortunately my eye fell on another set of Motives: *Love of Ease, Aversion to Labor, Indolence, Procrastination, Sloth*.

THE GOAT.

In the midst of my anecdote a sudden misgiving chilled me—had I told them about this Goat before? And then as I talked—abyss opening beneath abyss—there gaped on me a darker speculation: when goats are mentioned, do I automatically and always tell this story about the Goat at Portsmouth?

LONGEVITY.

"But when you are as old as I am!" I said to the lady in pink satin.

"But I don't know how old you are," the lady in pink satin answered almost archly. We were getting on quite nicely.

"Oh, I'm endlessly old; my memory goes back almost forever. I come out of the Middle Ages. I am the primitive savage we all descend from; I believe in Devil-worship, the power of the Stars; I dance under the new Moon, naked and tattooed and holy. I am a Cave-dweller, a contemporary of Mastodons and Mammoths; I am pleistocene and neolithic, and full of the lusts and terrors of the great pre-glacial forests. But that's nothing; I am millions of years older; I am an arboreal Ape, an aged Baboon, with all its instincts; I am a pre-simian quadruped, I have great claws, eyes that see in the dark, and a long prehensile tail."

"Good gracious!" said the terrified young lady in pink, pretending to laugh, however, as if she thought I was trying to be funny. Then she turned and for the rest of the dinner talked to her other neighbor.

DISSATISFACTION.

For one thing I hate spiders: I hate all kinds of insects. Their cold intelligence, their empty, stereotyped, unremitting industry repels me. And I am not altogether happy about the

future of the human race. When I think of the earth's refrigeration, and the ultimate, inevitable collapse of our Solar System, I have grave misgivings. And all the books I have read and forgotten—the thought that my mind is really nothing but a sieve—this, too, often disconcerts me.

SELF-CONTROL.

But I am not a pessimist, or misanthrope, or grumbler; I bear it all, the burden of Public Affairs, the immensity of Space, the brevity of Life, and the thought of the all-swallowing Grave—all this I put up with without impatience: I accept the common lot. And if now and then for a moment it seems too much; if I get my feet wet, or have to wait too long for tea, my soul in these wanes of the moon and sad occultations cries out in French *C'est fini!* I always answer *Patienza!* in Italian.

The New Statesman.

THE EVIL EYE.

Drawn by the unfelt wind in my little sail over the shallow estuary, I lay in my boat, lost in a dream of mere existence. The cool water glided through my trailing fingers; and leaning over I watched the sands that slid beneath me, the weeds that languidly swayed with the boat's motion. I was the cool water, I was the gliding sand and the swaying weed, I was the sea and mirrored sky and sun, I was the whole vast Universe.

Suddenly between my eyes and the sandy bottom a face looked up at me, glassed on the smooth film of water over which I glided. At one look from that too familiar and yet how sinister and goblin a face my soaring and immeasurable soul collapsed like a wrecked balloon; I shrank sadly back into my named personality, and sat there, hot and bored and insignificant in my shabby little boat.

L. Pearsall Smith.

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born; he hailed from the Solway shore,

But he struck a snag with his folks at home, as many have done before;

He shook the old land's dust from his feet, and he gave her a piece of his mind,

And he never knew that he'd somehow left a bit of his heart behind.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a skipper of fame, and a darned good sailorman too,

And a bit of a bucko, as I've heard tell, in the way he handled his crew;

He learned 'em to drill, and he learned 'em to shoot, and to jump at the word of command.

The same as he knew how they learned 'em to do in the ships of his native land.

The Spectator.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, though he changed his flag and his name,

In his "Ranger" frigate he led us a dance, but we honor him all the same;

We used to call him a pirate then, for he certainly wasn't our friend,

But he sailed and he fought as a Britisher should, which is what matters most in the end.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, which is why, now the time is come,

He knows the tug of the Solway tide, and the rattle of Drake's old drum,

He is back to the sea in the old, old way, a sailorman smart and bold—

And the flag of the "Ranger" is flying today by the flag that she fought of old.

C. Fox Smith.

GERMANY'S PEACE PLOT; MR. WILSON'S WARNING.

Mr. Wilson's speech at Washington dots the i's and crosses the t's of his recent Note to Russia. He dealt very faithfully and trenchantly with the motives and manœuvres of Germany for bringing about a premature peace at the present stage in the war. After describing the "Central Europe" program of militarist Berlin, he pointed out that at the moment it has actually been realized, and the Prussian machine holds practically the whole of the enormous territories comprised in it, with some others, in an iron grip. Unless that grip is forcibly relaxed and the militarist autocracy itself brought to the ground, there can be no permanent peace for the world. If it ended the war unbeaten, even though it voluntarily withdrew from some of its conquests, even indeed though it withdrew from all those which it has made in this war from its enemies and not from its Allies, the substantial success of its policy would remain the outstanding result, and would ensure the continuance both of its rule over Germany and of its plot against the world. As Mr. Wilson said, speaking of the Prussian war-makers:

If they succeed, America will fall within the menace; and we and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain; and must make ready for the next step in their aggression. If they fail, the world may unite for peace, and Germany may be of the union.

Of the German peace-talk designed to secure this victory, the President, spoke at some length. As he was himself a principal target of it, before he came into the war, it is interesting to have his statement that

it has come to me in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed

which the German Government would be willing to accept.

This seems to conflict directly with a statement spread widely in this country by Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., following his visit to Washington towards the end of last year. Mr. Buxton declared publicly—and made much capital of the statement for propaganda purposes—that he had seen Mr. Wilson and other leading American statesmen, and that they had told him Germany's peace-terms, which were of a very moderate character. How this could be, if the peace-terms were never disclosed to the President, it would seem to be for Mr. Buxton to explain. Meanwhile it is useful to see how clearly Mr. Wilson apprehends the characteristic design of the Prussian leaders—the arch anti-Liberals of Europe—to trap Liberalism into becoming the instrument of its own destruction. "Their present aim," he says,

is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and liberalism are getting out of this war. They are employing Liberals in their enterprises. Let them once succeed, and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military Empire; the Revolutionists of Russia will be cut off from all succor and the co-operation of Western Europe, and a counter-revolution will be fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom, and all Europe will arm for the next final struggle.

The effectiveness of this passage resides in the fact that it is a plain statement of unescapable truths. Among liberal-minded and forward-looking men in Great Britain, France and Italy, as well as in the United

States, these truths are generally recognized. The only Allied country where they are very widely questioned is Russia; and the lurking tragedy of it is that while the questioning and the hesitation are natural, in view of the profound inexperience (daily more
The London Chronicle.

evident just now) of those who have the ear of the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies at Petrograd, it is precisely Russia herself who is bound to pay the heaviest price in subsequent history for any weakening now of the Allied purpose.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In a series of semi-detached sketches named for their central figure, "Bindle," Herbert Jenkins describes a series of practical jokes perpetrated by a journeyman furniture-mover. He deposits the entire movable property of one household in the flat of another; throws a hotel into confusion, when on a night job, by exchanging the numbers of the guests' rooms; turns a Temperance fête into an orgy by introducing a mixture of alcohol and distilled mead into the lemonade; and impersonates an Australian millionaire at Oxford to the chagrin of his supposed nephew. Bindle must be credited with a certain shrewd philosophy of human nature, and unquestionably he deserves the tribute paid him by his author in the sub-title, "The Story of a Cheerful Soul," but whether the reader will think with the medical students whose rollicking fun he shares that he is "the rival of Aristophanes as maker of mirth," or with the somewhat acid Mrs. Bindle that "his talk isn't fit for decent ears," will depend on the reader's taste. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Petunia," the heroine of Mrs. George Wemyss's charming story, is the plain, sensible, and kindly daughter of a testy squire, whose will—drawn in a fit of irritation against the wife of his oldest son—leaves his fine Elizabethan house, with a handsome income, to her as long as she remains

unmarried. How four sisters-in-law conspire in the interest of the fifth to find Petunia a husband, how her Aunt Jane, estranged from the squire during a long life, comes to collect arrears of hospitality from her, how she goes to London with Aunt Jane and walks in the Park at the wrong hour, in the wrong place, with the wrong people, and how she gains a right of way down a garden path that leads to unforeseen happiness—all are told in Mrs. Wemyss's most delightful manner by an onlooker, whose husband, "Simple Simon," contributes a whimsical philosophy to the tale, and whose son, the Shrimp—"that most delectable of things to a landmother's heart, a middy"—brings it into close touch with the war. The author of "The Professional Aunt" and "People of Popham" has really surpassed herself. It would be hard to find a story more readable, quotable and lovable. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The present phases of the great war are so engrossing, and speculations as to its duration seem so profitless, that comparatively little attention is paid to the problems of social and industrial reconstruction which must come after it. Arthur Gleason's "Inside the British Isles—1917" (The Century Co.) is the first serious contribution to the discussion of this question, and it is suggestive and thought-compelling to a high degree. What Mr. Gleason sees

and depicts with eager enthusiasm in the British Isles today is aptly summarized in the title of his first chapter, "Democracy on the March"—the greatest "extension of democratic control ever applied to the map of the world." The relations and the future of labor, the changes in the sphere and the aspirations of women, the position of Ireland, and the social revolutions which seem imminent in the near future, are the subjects of the later chapters. Mr. Gleason is the prophet of the passing of old England, the crumbling of its caste system, and the dawn of a day when democratic control shall be established and labor shall take over the management of society. That is a vision of the future which to some will seem a dream and to others a nightmare, but, whatever may be the reader's point of view, he can scarcely fail to find Mr. Gleason's description of existing conditions absorbingly interesting.

It is clear that Claude M. Fuess, whose history of Phillips Academy, Andover, is published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in an attractive and substantial volume under the title "An Old New England School" found the necessary research and the writing of the history an agreeable task; for there is no trace of haste anywhere. He enters into the fullest details of the lives of the founders and the motives which impelled them to establish and maintain the school; he describes the peculiarities and methods of each of the principals and the incidents of their administrations in much the same way that one might outline the successive reigns of a line of monarchs; and with it all, he succeeds in imparting to his narrative a flavor which gives it a lively interest even to readers who have no special concern with the Academy itself, but to whom it stands as a typical New

England institution, reflecting, at all stages of its history, New England ideals and habits of thought. Founded in the eighteenth century, and continuing, through all changes and vicissitudes, to the twentieth, with widening influence and prosperity, it has been an educational and religious force of unique significance. The original schedule included only Latin and Greek, a very little mathematics, and some reading in religious treatises. Every morning, the school opened with the reading and singing of a psalm; then one class repeated from memory two pages of Greek grammar; another class repeated a page and a half of Latin grammar; then passages from Cheever's "Accidence" of "Short. Introduction to the Latin Tongue," a standard textbook of the time, were repeated; then there were classes in arithmetic—the Rule of Three, Fellowship and Practice; and the school closed at night with the reading of Dr. Doddridge's "Family Expositor," questions, reflections, the singing of a hymn and prayer. Present-day students at Phillips would find that a meagre and solemn program, but it was from such beginnings that the Academy of today took its origin and inspiration. Every stage in the history is interesting—not the least so the chapters describing "The Reign of 'Uncle Sam' Taylor" in the middle of the last century. Fifty or more portraits, and pictures of buildings and grounds illustrate the book.

"The Life of Robert Hare" by Edgar Fahs Smith (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is an elaborate and enthusiastic study of the career of one of the earliest and most distinguished of American chemists. The author's purpose, as he defines it in his Preface, is to assemble the labors of Robert Hare in such a form that students of chemistry may learn to know him better and realize the

high place which he holds in the history of chemistry in this country. A large part of the material for the biography is drawn from Hare's unpublished letters and other documents, and from papers which he contributed to the *American Journal of Science*, recording his discoveries. Born in 1781, and entering the field of chemical research and discovery when he was barely twenty years old, he was for more than fifty years a recognized leader in the scientific world. His discovery of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe in 1801 first brought him distinction, and won for him the honor, two years later, of being elected, in company with Count Rumford, to the American Philosophical Society. He was for nearly thirty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, a position which enabled him to combine original research and the preparation of scientific papers with his work in the classroom. His retirement from the University, however, did not end his activities, and, down to his sudden death in May, 1858, he continued to lead in his chosen field. His biography ends with a touching and intimate letter from a life-long friend, Benjamin Silliman, urging upon him the claims of personal religion and faith in Christ. It is interesting to notice that, in his later years, Hare became interested in Spiritualism, and believed—as Sir Oliver Lodge now believes—that he had had interviews with the spirits of the dead. This through an instrument of his construction, which he called a spiritoscope. Three portraits, one of them in colors, and views of his lecture-room and laboratory illustrate the book.

There is an odd harmony between form and substance in Gertrude Hall's

"Aurora the Magnificent" (The Century Co.). At first, one is apt to be irritated by the silliness of much of the conversation, the irrelevance of many of the incidents, and the melodramatic absurdity of the mystery in which the heroine's past is swathed; yet as one reads on all these superficialities fall into place as suitable embroidery. For the book is essentially the story of the inevitable growth of love between a cynical, supersensitive painter and an ignorant and rather vulgar, but beautiful and great-hearted woman, in spite of the gulf of tastes and conventions and worldly considerations that separates them. The tossing aside of superficialities by elemental necessities is the theme on which the story is built, and it would hardly move to its climax with such symphonic power unless they were there to be tossed. Long residence in Italy has enabled Miss Hall to weave Florence successfully into her background, and has perhaps given her her keen sense of character, but it has also, unfortunately, embedded a number of Italian idioms in her English prose.

Clare Tree Major prefaces her volume on "How to Develop Personality" with a picture of her own enthusiastic person and the air of get-up-and-get-onto-the-job which irradiates her face is carried onto every subsequent page. She is an enthusiast for all sorts and conditions of exercises, physical, vocal, mental and spiritual. Especially is she interested in the voice, correct breathing, right carriage. She finds that mental poise is but an accessory to bodily, that the two are co-ordinated, one depending on the other. Her pages are copiously filled with explicit directions, illustrated by diagrams, excellent for their purpose. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.